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THE
FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
SPOTTISWOODE and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

THE
FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BY
ROBERT EYRES LANDOR, M.A.

AUTHOR OF
"THE FAWN OF SERTORIUS," "THE IMPIOUS FEAST,"
TRAGEDIES, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK IX.

Idem ego, cùm subiî convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

IT might be well as an experiment if the professional critics would grant to us, who are their probationers only in authorship, a short Saturnalia now and then, licensing our licentiousness. Perhaps, among a little harmless excess, something fresh if not new might be stricken out between petulance and playfulness, malice and merriment. For this perpetual shadow of the rod operates upon our spirits like Destiny in the Greek Drama.

Naturalists tell us that, as an indemnification, all those creatures which are the most persecuted are the most prolific. You have ten thousand herrings to one shark, ten thousand oysters to one alderman, and, in a good warren, ten thousand rabbits to one stoat. There seems, indeed, no such barrenness in the critics; yet if they would agree to divide the authors and authoresses equally among them, they might perhaps have two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty each. I know not how to account for even this very considerable disproportion in any other way than that of the naturalists. Since it is much more pleasurable to carry the whip in your hand than to feel it upon your shoulder, who would

not be a critic if he could, as the herring would be a shark, the rabbit a stoat, and the oyster an alderman?

I desire to conduct my readers, for their recreation and by way of variety, through some short episodical excursions. Travelling in these aristocratic regions, there are many rich, noble, and illustrious personages of my acquaintance, at whose gate I would fain loiter awhile before we shall journey on. But it is impossible to foreknow what might be thought or said by the critics about such gossiping; and I would studiously avoid offence.

For these reasons, I will pause during no more than two or three moments, at two or three places by the road side. But our good masters must extend their patience a little farther when we have arrived among the practical exemplification of those arts and sciences which so greatly surpass our own. If they expose and reproach my ignorance, I will not complain. They can hardly despise the deficiencies of which I am conscious so heartily as I deplore them. Let them say that I know nothing of botany, mineralogy, geology, chemistry, the mechanics, the hydrostatics, — all greatly needed by me down here, — and they will say the truth. But let them not infer that I therefore am a trickster, a pretender, an impostor, a mountebank; and thus throw discredit upon this my narrative, eating even into its heart like the worm into Jonah's gourd!

People who were unborn when I had become grey-headed, can explain the mechanism of a steam-engine, can tell by what process pure ether is best sublimated, how much electricity may be compressed

in a glass-retort not larger than your claret-jug, what is the specific difference between graywacke of the third formation and mica-slate of the first. My youth was spent with Doctor Ralph, among studies totally different from these: and during the earlier part of my manhood, I lived where the arts and sciences had yet sent no missionaries. I may describe some few things roughly which pleased me most. Alas, infinite as is my reverence for the geologists, my ignorance walks at its side step by step!

CHAPTER II.

THE history of Antistia consumed less time than the indignant commentaries on Pompeius the Great which followed it. In how small a circle do our most generous passions, after having found a sufficient area for the display of their nobility, often contrive to become as base ! Almost encompassing their hippodrome amid the acclamations of myriads, these high-bred coursers flag, or stumble, or start aside, or fall lame, or grow vicious, saluted only by curses and hisses before they can reach the goal. The love of glory is applauded as magnanimous ; the indulgence of selfishness is condemned as contemptible ; yet, between the two, what greater distance or distinction is there than between the sunnier side of a man's countenance, and the shadier ? They must change their places if he turn his head. Glory is ambitious, ambition is selfish, selfishness is despicable. This chain has no more than three links ; and you may easily hook the last of them to the first.

Many changes, both in the direction of the river and its character, had occurred almost unobserved by me while listening to Acilius. Again narrowed from the expanse of a long lake, it lost its intricacy and irregularity as the islands were left behind us. Hills rose both to the right and left, approaching each other by degrees ; then rocks, here seen for the first time scarred and naked. For the first time

too, I saw the presence, not of decay, but of ruin more expeditious and effective. A stately palace, situated at no great distance from the river's bank, was dismantled; and members of the most elaborate sculpture and architecture thickly strewed the ground. We could see and hear the fall of urns, vases, busts, statues, columns, and parapets; while the parts still standing were covered by persons so mischievously employed, as thick as a dove-house roof is covered by its pigeons. When our watermen turned their faces, pointing to this remorseless waste, Acilius laughed. "It is either the eleventh or the twelfth time that we have been entertained by the same comedy," said he; "but as the intervals grow wider, I had not hoped for a repetition of it quite so soon. Eleven or twelve times has this palace been built and thrown down. Pains are now taken, I see, that even the materials shall be destroyed. This is indiscreet, for, while other ornaments are collected, we must wait the longer, whether we be performers or spectators, till our drama shall recommence.

"You may not be ignorant of the proprietor, M. Crassus. He possessed more houses than any other man ever did, in the world above; and if we may count this as the twelfth, at least six to one in the present world. In both, there has been the same rapid succession of them. At Rome, he purchased no inconsiderable proportion of the city and its violated Pomarium, not by streets only, but by wards, or, as we call them, regions. To render his bargains more expeditious and advantageous, he first secretly set them on fire. A much smaller sum than

might otherwise have been demanded, became sufficient to tempt the proprietor when his inheritance was in flames; and the tenant yielded his right of occupation so much the more readily. Partly in the same manner did he extend his provincial estates. It was not difficult to convince a reluctant neighbour that he would, perhaps, find himself more pleasantly situated elsewhere, after his corn had been burnt, his horses and his oxen driven away, his servants claimed from him as fugitives, or his children as malefactors.

“No other citizen, either in Rome or anywhere else, ever became half so rich. His last and greatest adventure was the only one, during more than sixty years, in which he proved to be unfortunate. Tempted by the gold of Seleucia, he sacrificed a proconsular army, his country’s honour, his own and his son’s lives. But Crassus never designed unprofitable mischief. He had none of that malice through which men are content to bruise or wound themselves if they may destroy some one else. On the contrary, he was cheerful, urbane, facetious, good-natured, obliging. Whatever he could not keep, he would give away; his breath for instance, and his time. They cost him nothing, and he would help those for nothing by their expenditure, who, at present, might possess nothing. For accused persons, destitute of any other advocate, because they were poor or hated as well as guilty, he pleaded both eloquently and gratuitously. They might requite him, perhaps, at some future time. He possessed a great many thousand slaves, of whom he educated the more intelligent in such lucrative

sciences as would enhance twenty-fold their prices. Thus they earned money for him as physicians, architects, sculptors, painters, rhetoricians, artificers; and for themselves also with which to purchase their liberty and manifest their gratitude. When thus set free, if they could offer to him only a silver lamp, a golden chalice, a tortoise-shell table, or an inlaid cabinet, nothing came amiss. A rich man thus gracious deserves to be thankfully approached when, instead of turning his shoulder upon your offering, he runs and meets it. These slaves throve the better for having served so provident a master. Criminals who were saved by his advocacy, his intercession, his power, could at least show a consciousness of their obligation, by distributing firebrands among old houses and ripe corn. Far from sparing of the public treasury, he would sign drafts upon its resources as a magistrate, both for his poorer and his more useful friends. In no other person have rapacity and good nature been so pleasantly reconciled.

“The people will not suffer even his casual presence in Rome, but he is followed by freedmen whom he instructed, clients whom he defended, candidates whom he patronised, and criminals whom he saved. Many of these are skilled in the arts. They cannot occupy their time in any other way: they cannot think, with equal regard, of any other person. Better labour for him than remain idle. They attend upon him, and build for him, as you see. Scarcely is their edifice complete, before some malignant sentiments are suggested by its grandeur to that countless concourse of debtors, from whom he exacted, first, their

thirty or forty per cent. interest, and then their estates. The former tenants of his wards and regions remember that their houses were half consumed by his orders, and perhaps their children quite. His soldiers are not pleased that they should have been defeated without a battle ; slain without glory ; left to wolves and vultures upon the rocks and sands without a grave. One party still builds and the other throws down. He and Sisyphus pass their time much in the same manner."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE listening to Acilius, I remembered that M. Crassus and Cn. Pompeius were two of the triumvirate by whom liberty had been overthrown. If we take death and eternity into our reckoning, all avarice, whether ambitious or more sordidly rapacious, receives, at last, much the same reward ; for however great may be our conquests, or numerous our habitations, death levels them, and eternity retains us among their ruins.

The current here ran with much greater rapidity. I was astonished to see the hills and cliffs, as we passed under them, swarming with busy people wherever they were not too precipitous for standing-places. Myriads seemed to be employed in perforating the rocks deeply and widely ; in quarrying their marbles of a hundred colours ; and in carefully conducting downward for embarkation the materials which they had hewn. At the mouths of these caverns lay great white heaps resembling salt or chalk. The thicker veins of stone—for by whatever names we may call them, granite, marble, porphyry, alabaster, not one can be strictly appropriate—seemed as variable in their texture, hardness, and solidity, as in their hues. Acilius told me that I might now behold most of the finer materials from which those stately edifices, so much admired by me, were constructed. A coarser kind of stone, not worse adapted

to the walls and foundations, is quarried above the city. "We have here," said he, "marbles of all colours; some not less hard and lustrous than your precious gems. Extracting them from their beds of any size we please, we may reduce them to any form. As various and abundant are the veins of metal. It is from these caverns that we collect fuel for the founderies in which they are smelted; and a sort of pure oleaginous liquor to lubricate our machinery. There is a similar kind of oil which exudes from solid rock, or between one stratum and another, in Transalpine Gaul."

Leaving our boat, we ascended a little hill detached from the mountainous ranges on both sides. Though not one quarter so high as either, it commanded many miles of this industrious valley, in which we could see vast engines performing their operations almost without noise, and quite without dust or smoke, or any other indications than their movements that they did any thing at all. A long succession of falls or rapids in the river supplied the power. Endless was their variety; and I believe that a much more scientific mechanist than myself would have known, till better instructed, as little of their uses. The rush of water was heard loudly enough, as well as the voice of Acilius, or again I should have supposed myself to be deaf. Infinite contrivances to assist human strength, covered both banks and, in many places, even the mid-channel. High above among the cliffs, every quarry had its wheels, pullies, levers, windlasses in continual operation. Some of their machines were simple enough.

For instance, in many more than a hundred places, I saw two pillars forty or fifty feet high, and apparently of hollow metal, united at their summits by a proportionably strong cross-bar ; the whole resembling such swings as our children rejoiced in, and also such gallows as our malefactors were content with, before luxury had introduced its innovations. Instead of the malefactor's rope, suppose a thick iron bar ; and instead of himself, only very much nearer to the ground, a globular metallic mass weighing not less than eight or nine tons. This mass acted as a pendulum, swinging backward and forward as our children used to swing. To regulate and perpetuate its motion, two more such pillars, thirty or forty feet apart, confronted each other, and also confronted the pendulum, by which they were just reached when it had arrived at its highest elevation. By mechanism like our clock-work attached to each of these last-mentioned pillars, a large hammer was raised as the pendulum approached, and struck it heavily at the precise moment after its descent had begun ; thus increasing its momentum, and thus generating sufficient power for sawing, chiselling, fluting, or polishing, at no greater expense of human labour than was required to wind up this supposed clock. Had any very accurate measurement of time been desirable, its elements were here.

But I was more astonished by the people than by their machines. Never before had I seen, at the same time, a tenth part of the same numbers. They quickened the valley and the cliffs on both sides as far as the eye could reach, swarming like ants in our

English pastures when their turfy hillocks are uncovered. "Behold the millions," said Acilius, "which never rest long; which, in your world, never did rest longer than for their refreshment or amusement. Memory can recall little beside the pleasures which arose from successful labour progressive or consummated: and we have at present but a narrow preference as to the kind. On such a soil, we are without shepherds, neatherds, vinedressers, husbandmen, gardeners. The few domestic articles that are made by us we never offer for sale, and not often for exchange. Free from war and traffic, we have neither merchants nor mariners. Our single law has silenced the courts of justice. We compute that Rome alone contains seventy or eighty thousand rhetoricians, sophists, advocates, and other disputatious people, whose arguments about the world-forsaken are as vivacious as ever; but even if they could prevail upon any one to listen, they would have nothing whatever to say about this. So, in medicine, *Æsculapius* retains not a single worshipper: for death has cured our diseases, and immortality ensures us against a relapse. Religion, which has already distributed its recompenses, which no longer hopes, fears, expects, or in your sense of the word, repents, — which has nothing to offer, to implore, to deprecate, to teach, may dispense with her ecclesiastics. Our young men cannot hunt where there are neither dogs nor wild beasts; they cannot torment either themselves or their mistresses where there is no such passion as love.

"But the ornamental arts, meanwhile, have re-

sources which neither time nor industry can exhaust. Architecture ever attempts other and more astonishing enterprises. While walls, roofs, and floors are multiplied, the statuary, the sculptor, the painter, and the artist who works in metals, mosaics, or precious stones, may cover them. We love to decorate, because this is the principal testimony of our civilisation."

CHAPTER IV.

LUGWARDINE.

I CAN understand that Rome, intensely remembered as the centre of your affections, must, by its representative here, still surpass all other cities whatever in grandeur, as Athens may do in elegance. By these monuments, you honour the warrior who has extended her empire, the poet, orator, historian, philosopher who has adorned it. I see every other proof of this patriotism, except the site which has been preferred for your second Rome. Immeasurably as it surpasses the first, there is very little resemblance. Your memory, revisiting its old haunts, must to this extent feel dissatisfied?

ACILIUS.

It submits to necessity. Had we searched the whole world where we now are, not one plain like the Campania, nor even one field like the Campus Martius, could have been found in it. Unable to change the face of nature, we look upon hills ten times higher than the Capitol, and a river twenty times wider than the Tyber, calling them by the same names.

LUGWARDINE.

If I am mistaken, forgive my ignorance a second time ; since it has had no better instructor than history

often partial, always imperfect and insufficient. But it seems to me that more appropriate habitations might have been prepared for many among these illustrious citizens, warriors, statesmen, orators, in your strongest prisons or darkest mad-houses. Surely you have not erected palaces for Marius, Sylla, or this husband of Antistia?

ACILIUS.

Marius saved Rome from the Gauls; Sylla reconquered Greece from Archelaus and Mithridates; Pompeius subjugated Spain, exterminated the pirates, and established our empire in Asia. We reward their services, leaving their virtues and their vices under that law with which it is impossible to interfere. As their offences against ourselves are sufficiently punished by it, why should we resent? Thus happens it that while a great man's friends are as zealous and affectionate as ever, his enemies, feeling their impotence, stand aloof. All these conquerors possess palaces among the largest and the most frequented; but through every chamber which we have adorned for them, memory continually accompanies their footsteps stimulating the remorse which can no longer purify."

The eyes of Acilius must have been much clearer than mine, for he was interrupted by some object seen among a crowd, and standing four or five hundred paces beyond us, on the river's bank. Even after it had been pointed out, I could hardly distinguish what he announced as Mr. Horncastle's helmet. But

hurrying to the spot, I found my friend and his guide Sosthenes encompassed by many illustrious mechanists, engineers, architects, sculptors, and other eminent proficient in the arts. He stood, with his back toward us, opposite some vast and complicated engines which accomplished twenty unconnected operations at the same time, though moving with the quietude and regularity of a town-house clock. A sort of freemasonry reaches to the scientific in both worlds; and Bartholomew was treated with much respect. His want of language could be supplied by no better means than diagrams drawn upon the dust, or signs still more elaborately incomprehensible made with his fingers. But such amazing vivacity, with all its jerks and contortions, hardly provoked a smile. His tongue seemed neither more idle nor less inefficient than the rest of his members. My arrival was so far acceptable to him, that it might perfect an explanation of his new patent wynch, and gain for him reciprocal information on twenty similar subjects. In such traffic Bartholomew was the only gainer; for wynches incomparably superior to his had been invented and superseded more than a thousand years ago. I must say this, as both honourable and peculiar to my friend, never did he appear jealous or envious while conversing with people whose superiority was indisputable. Me he held cheap, Aristotle still cheaper; but then neither of us could have told him whether brass or iron made the best cogs for a vertical wheel, supposing the friction to be severe.

Archimedes, Euclid, and Diophantus, unrestricted by national prepossessions, spent much of their time

in this great valley. It seems that the pure sciences had become practical. We saw their double screws, their crescent-shaped levers, their six oval wheels all working upon a common plane, and revolving round a common centre. Here was motion purely mechanical, as powerful as a water-wheel eleven or twelve feet in diameter, packed into less compass than an ordinary chest of drawers. Perhaps I ought not to have wondered at a reception neither kinder nor pleasanter. All my friend's thoughts were among these machines. He rubbed his hands, he extended his legs, he planted first one foot and then the other as if it were to be stationary like a post, but changing his mind, and facing about, he revolved upon his heel in imitative approbation of what he saw. In reply to some remonstrances which his late desertion of me did extort, he said "I have no time here, Antony, to think about thy back, one side or other. Latin and Greek have always been served with much the same sauce ever since I could remember. They are called the dead languages, peradventure, because it was only by such pickle that they could be kept from stinking. If Alexander the Great has never done any thing worse than he did to-day, he must have been sorely belied by John Dryden's account of him." Then he hurried us from place to-place, still demanding my aid in acquiring information by the use of those very languages which he so scornfully derided. But there was no longer any resentment or ill-temper in his treatment of me. He ceased to think that he was in a worse place than among his own collieries at Newcastle. The scientific manes which accompanied

him, were neither dreaded, nor abhorred, nor looked upon suspiciously. Such is the sodality of science, that Mr. Horncastle treated me ten times more negligently than any one else.

An architect named Duillius — of whose skill no other evidence remains to us above ground than those three half-buried columns close to the capitol, between its feet and the forum — much gratified me by his urbanity. He conducted us to a large assemblage of models most elegantly and elaborately finished — not in wood, or cork, or any other such perishable substances, but in the same materials as the edifices which they were intended to represent ; thus reproducing the same harmony of colours, and the same scientific combinations of metals and marbles. As their shadows never varied, there could be no other changes in their effect than lighter and darker. But I was surprised by the profusion of colours far more rich than those which we admire in our most costly missals and other such illuminated manuscripts, introduced here to brighten their splendid parts, and to temper or subdue the rest. Here were the miniatures of many great edifices now complete, and of others in progress or only projected. Though the scale was not more than two inches to three cubits, we could enter their portals without stooping, and examine their interiors quite at our ease. We were often left by Mr. Horncastle, who saw little use, he said, in building houses so vast that nobody could feel comfortable till he had got out of them ; and he may, perhaps, have regarded suspiciously, as idolatrous, those graven and molten images

with which the models also were adorned. But he felt too happy for objections: the wheels revolved, the pendulums oscillated, the pump pistons rose and fell, all in a new way, and by some unexpected agency. Since there were neither horses nor oxen here, whatever was done had no other than human or mechanical power for its accomplishment.

CHAPTER V.

DUILLIUS next led us to the furnaces from which were cast both useful and ornamental articles of a hundred kinds; and among the rest, those bell-shaped habitations for illustrious females already described by me. Till standing almost above the fires, and instructed by the heat arising from them, I had no suspicion of their proximity: for they were without smoke, and their fuel was as white as alabaster. I could now understand the use of those heaps mistaken by me at a distance for salt or chalk, and extracted from narrow veins lying horizontally between one marble stratum and another — why the cliffs were every where so deeply mined, and what liquor, dribbling in little rills, was so carefully received into metallic vessels. The white heaps, when examined, more nearly resembled camphor than any other substance known to me; having about the same weight, the same waxen texture, with some little of the same smell. Like vegetable matter also in this — when coarsest and discoloured they seemed resinous; and I was cautioned to throw away a soft and damp specimen as viscous as bird-lime, or otherwise it would have excoriated my fingers. Used for fuel, it often became necessary to moderate, even in their founderies, the excessive heat given out from this fossil, by a copious addition of less inflammable substances. But when there was

occasion to stimulate its power, large bellows were at hand, acting like the lapidaries' blow-pipe. Their blast applied to a foot square only of this mineral taught me, for the first time, what our geologists understand by incandescent heat sixteen million degrees hotter than any thing above ground. The hardest stones were in one minute reduced to impalpable ashes.

A dome or cupola had recently been cast, rim upwards, from four great furnaces; but it remained still in its mould; and I learnt that, at the end of three months it would hardly have become cool. Another, formed and coloured like the richest hyacinth, and intended for the residence of Fulvia—not Antony's third or fourth wife, but Nasica's first,—stood upon its square base ready for removal. As for that liquor incomparably purer, softer, yet more subtle and penetrant than a watchmaker's oil, it not only anointed their machinery, but it so lubricated the hardest of their marbles while being cut, that they were divided into lengths little thicker than a deal shelf. Duillius made me observe how fine were the saws, their friction how steady, their pressure upon the stone how just and even; and how effectually did this limpid unguent temper adamantine substances against heat, and their texture against brittleness.

Every step conducted us to something new and strange. Here was little hammering, jarring, or rattling, and no groaning of tortured wheels, or screaming of angry engines. We could converse at our ease, free from smoke, or dust, or offensive smells. Passing through the quarries, Duillius

pointed to the capital of a column sculptured from one amethyst-coloured block so large, that when Mr. Horncastle stood beside it, his head reached no higher than to the second acanthus leaves, if I may so call them, under its volutes. "What has been your progress in architecture, sculpture, and painting, since we left you?" said he. "The flowers, as well as the leaves and branches, represented here, have no prototypes in the world above, but you may see that they are delicately carved. Several artists have been employed upon them during a longer space than you have yet lived. There are sixteen columns in progress, with such capitals, for the portico. Its pediment was commenced in another quarry not less than, by your computation, fifty years ago. I am responsible only for the architectural proportions: the sculpture and statuary will do them credit. Our edifice, when consecrated, will belong to Justice—those to Wisdom and Power, on the same level, are already finished.

LUGWARDINE.

They are three attributes of your unknown God. Add a fourth temple to Mercy, and we Christians may worship with you; for justice comprehends truth, mercy is inseparable from benevolence.

DUILLIUS.

This fourth edifice has hardly been thought of yet, nor do either Greeks or Romans understand with what emblems it should be decorated.

LUGWARDINE.

To the architect they are, indeed, neither obvious nor plentiful, but the sculptor would soon find himself perplexed by a choice so abundant in equal claims. He might cover your walls with representations of meekness and forgiveness after cruel provocations; of power which forbore and wept; of tenderness towards the erring, or patience towards the ungrateful; and, for his emblems—borrowing pity from innocence—why should he not adopt a lamb, a dove, and a little child?

CHAPTER VI.

DUILLIUS.

THE refinement of two thousand years must have surpassed and superseded those architectural specimens which we left you; but have they also been destroyed? If the buildings are gone, the pictures and statues must have perished with them?

LUGWARDINE.

Of those arts which are the most closely related, painting has transmitted only some small examples recently exposed, the labours apparently of inferior artists, mere decorations subsidiary to the other two. Sculpture, more durable, has supplied us with greater liberality. But its noblest models rather discourage than stimulate rivalry among us, by their unattainable excellence. In architecture, we have produced nothing at all comparable of the same kind, nothing which combines so well majesty with simplicity. Another kind, corresponding more nearly with devotional feeling, and better adapted to religious solemnity, justified much pride in our ancestors which we inherit. But even that, after having dwindled into abject and idolatrous plagiarism, is too slowly recovering. Excepting three or four noble edifices erected during the last three or four centuries, this most magnificent of the arts can display little

else than a few skilful and not inelegant imitations, compounded from fragments transmitted to us by yourselves. We throw into our cauldron some of your old architectural members, expecting that, while there, they may grow symmetrical, and come out beautiful and young. Our world, if revisited, would appear to you the most barbarous in those parts where the highest civilisation might have been presupposed—in its larger cities. From rustics who live under the shelter of their cabins, we look for nothing better than that they should contrive to keep themselves dry and warm. Yet they seldom disgust us by ill-taste. Their works, nearer to nature, more easily harmonise with it. But streets filled with temples and palaces scorning consistency, or assuming the members and decorations of architecture as if in their ridicule, are disgraceful to those who built them, and even to those by whom they are inhabited. The best apology is that our materials are coarse and vile; the worst, that our habits are penurious and our tempers selfish. It is a shabby sort of wisdom to care but little how we may appear, if we feel at ease.

DUILLIUS.

Of what kind are those materials?

LUGWARDINE.

We often build with stone the worst adapted to a damp and fickle climate, being either friable or porous: but much more commonly with bricks made of coarse clay baked red.

DUILLIUS.

We, too, built our houses of the commoner kind with bricks or timber, even in Rome. But surely you must have learnt, in eighteen hundred years, to ease what is porous from the frost and rain?

LUGWARDINE.

We sometimes plaster our bricks.

DUILLIUS.

Has your ingenuity discovered nothing more durable, in a damp climate, than that coating, which we seldom used unless for the interior of our chambers?

LUGWARDINE.

What better might have been discovered?

DUILLIUS.

Can you fuse different minerals in a furnace, and intermix them while rendered liquid by fire?

LUGWARDINE.

We make glass in this manner, and we vitrify clay — glass for our windows, porcelain for our plates and drinking vessels.

DUILLIUS.

Are the materials of these, such as flint and sand, so rare that, when combined, they can furnish only

your more costly articles? Might you not bring them in ships of burden from Gaul, or even from Italy?

LUGWARDINE.

We have enough of both for a hundred cities larger than Rome. Our high roads often consist of such substances; and in many extensive districts our corn-fields are rendered less fruitful by them.

DUILLIUS.

You make glass for your windows, to admit the light and exclude the cold. Having been accustomed to associate the idea of transparency with this substance, you may mistake my meaning. But glass is not necessarily transparent, or thin, or fine, or of a light colour. It may be tinted as you please, and you may cast it as thick, as opaque, as coarse as you please, still retaining the distinctive properties of glass — its incorruptibility and its freedom from pores. You may also make your moulds of what size and form you find to be the most convenient, impressing on them such figures, in high or low relief, as correspond with the purposes proposed. Surely you do this in bronze, silver, lead, clay; and if so, why not in glass? Only dismiss from your thoughts its whiteness and its transparency, then tell me why this glass should not be made to assume any figure useful or ornamental, as well as either metal or earthenware? By colour you will not understand those rich or vivid hues which the transmission of

light produces, and only exist when the substance is diaphanous, but opaque colour in its simplicity. The least learned chemist might throw into a mass, while liquid, some dye which would pervade it throughout.

LUGWARDINE.

We have translucent glass so tinted for ornament in our windows: for use our chief study is to deprive it of all colour, that its transparency may be the greater. We have also glass vessels to hold wine,—some white and costly, some thick, coarse, and proportionally cheap. Nay, water-pipes have been made of glass; and it has been proposed to make draining-tiles.

DUILLIUS.

Well then, you have advanced so far in the direction I could wish. It seems that glass may be made by you in various forms and for the coarsest purposes. Tell me next, why should you not cast thick plates, each a cubit square, or two cubits long, or any other size and shape you may prefer—of any colour, and impressed with any figure or device? What you now do in iron, or bronze, or silver, or lead, or clay, why not do hereafter in glass? From a single furnace might be produced some hundred plates in what was once called a day. Next, why should you not coat the whole of your houses, excepting their windows, with such plates—to hide their ugliness—to exclude the cold, the heat, the moisture, the air—to secure the friable and porous materials behind

them from decay, and to render them ornamental as well as dry? Glass an inch thick, if separated by another inch or two from the bricks or the stones, would more effectually keep out the cold in winter, the heat in summer, the moisture at all times, than an entire cubit of solid wall. Less than an inch is sufficient for the convex edge of one plate to be received into the concave edge of another, thus excluding the air and uniting the surface. You have seen that many of our roofs are covered with such plates—that our courts, terraces, and chamber-floors are often paved with them. We have learnt to brighten their colours, polish their surfaces, diversify their forms, and multiply their uses. Your retrocessive eighteen or nineteen hundred years must approach a very barbarous termination? Surely there can be no such stupidity in Greece and Rome! Their tessellated pavements might have taught you that glass can be rendered opaque; nay, the study among yourselves, you say, is to render it transparent. We mix it with our marbles, we create from it capitals, cornices, friezes, architraves. In your cold and damp climate, with less temptation to ornament, there is greater need, than here, of some impervious substance, defensive against frost and rain.

LUGWARDINE.

If I should ever return to it, I may recommend such a substance, though at the peril of much derision. Our jesters will tell me that we have houses of glass already for our fruits and flowers—that their own delicacy,

being still more sensitive, obtrudes not its perfections by public exposure. Vain is it to contend against the deafness of resolute wit, or to reply that perhaps glass may be made as coarse as their manners, and as opaque as their pleasantries. Yet the despised or neglected suggestions of one period sometimes return to light and use at another.

CHAPTER VII.

INFINITE were the contrivances by which mechanic power might be multiplied, and human labour abridged. Steam was well known, but rejected as a clumsy and troublesome agent. We saw prodigious weights transported by the pressure of atmospheric air operating, not under their carriages, but from within them. The wheels, at every revolution, accomplished the subsidiary purpose of pumps to produce a vacuum in front. Confessing that it is disgraceful to know so little on subjects now almost universally understood, I may justify myself against another reproach, which has been pointed at former travellers who were scarcely less ignorant. Unlike them, I did not foresee either the extent or the direction of my voyage; and therefore could have made no scientific preparations for it, by taking in hastily as large an assortment as might be stowed away. The Professors therefore will not suffer what I may have said amiss to kindle in their bosoms incandescent heat sixteen million times hotter than a glass-house furnace; seeing it was suggested by the love of truth rather than by the conceit of rivalry.

There was a labour which fell to my share greater than the greatest of theirs, and almost beyond my patience. Hardly any entreaties or remonstrances, however cunningly applied, could withdraw Mr. Horncastle from such a mighty school of art and

industry. Acilius remembered his promise to C. Julius; and I could not forget the threats of the imperious Macedonian. We protested to Bartholomew that he should return, at greater leisure, when he pleased. Still he must, as he said, tarry a little longer, or climb the cliffs a little higher, or understand some complicated process a little better. Happily my abjurgations occasioned no ill-humour. He felt much too happy for displeasure; and though he spoke sparingly, he looked delighted. It was not till Sosthenes also stepped on board our barge, and Mr. Horncastle saw his guide as well as his interpreter again afloat, that we could prevail.

In compliance with my request, we coasted leisurely, by another channel, between those flowery shores and fragrant islands. Resting on an element so much lighter than the purest water is with us, our boat was lowered, by Mr. Horncastle's weight as well as mine, to within one streak of its gunwale. The silent hilarity of my friend was so agreeable to Acilius, that he also wished the voyage might be protracted. Bartholomew had collected knowledge which, leaving Watts, Renny, Telford, and Stephenson at an immeasurable distance behind him, would empty his deepest coalpit as easily as a garden water-cistern, and convert his malt-house crane into an automaton. But still the thought sometimes arose that there might be difficulties and delays in returning home preparatory to this commencement of his mechanical innovations. He had already secured designs for ten new patents, any one of which would double his capital. There seemed no injustice toward Diophan-

tus or Archimedes in this, as they were beyond the hope of profiting by priority. But Mr. Horncastle would not borrow so many good notions from this lower world, without leaving an equivalent; nor would he waste more time than he could help during his detention in it. He prepared me for the result of his long silence by such a smile as I had not once seen since our whispered discussions in the new bay-window at Hayfield. Smiles, indeed, had been common enough of late, but some were melancholy, some magisterial, some derisive, and the very best compassionate. But now my friend's face blushes and burnishes with the effulgence of his pristine benevolence unclouded by any reserve. Forgetting all his resentment, and restoring me to my original position in his esteem, he pats my shoulder familiarly and condescendingly, commencing thus: —

MR. HORNCASTLE.

If I thought that we might be kept down here much longer, Antony, I should bestir myself, forecasting what to do. For here is a good opening, and no competition. We want capital rather than credit; but these old folk must have funds for the maintenance of such grandeur, and they seem willing enough to oblige. Beside, they may get, peradventure, as much as they grant. I would fain begin business here below, as I always hoped to end it when still above ground. If my other little ventures had turned out prosperously, it may be that, in time, I should have compassed the sufficiency to establish a brewery and a bank.

LUGWARDINE.

But you would not set up either a brewery or a bank here, Mr. Horncastle?

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Why not? In ordinary speculations, it is well to try one thing at a time; but these go best together. Here are masters with thousands, and for all I know, millions of workmen among the quarries and founderies. An issue of small notes convertible into gold or silver as might be preferred, would ease the weekly payments. Where there is no national bank, one pound notes, closely backed with a metallic currency, would circulate far and near. Robert Peel has drawn the string rather too tight; yet I hold with some of his notions as far as regards convertibility. We will strike off paper both large and little, up to a hundred pounds, and down to twenty shillings. Ours being a bank for deposits, we may accommodate on approved security. But I cannot explain such things in the Latin tongue, nor yet in the Greek. We must take one or two of the most substantial among these old people as partners into the firm. For instance, the names might run thus, Horncastle, Lugwardine, Cicero, and Company. Sosthenes is just the man for head clerk and cashier. We will not have among us that sharp-looking little fellow with crisp hair, lest he should be off some day to the States, cash-box and all. What dost think?

LUGWARDINE.

As these two speculations run best together, let me understand the other also, before I answer you.

MR. HORNCastle.

I have asked by signs, but I can hear of no brewery, large or small, public or private, in town or country. Among some millions, it may be, of men, work as hard as they will, there is not one drop of malt liquor. I would brew three kinds; the first, strong as Salt's or Alsop's Burton ale for India exportation; next, sound draught beer, say ten or eleven bushels to the hogshead; and lastly, small or table drink, down as low as to six or seven. If our notes go out by the bank, the cash will come in by the brewery. I would have thee ask these young men where we may look for bright barley to make malt; if they know anything about the average price of hops, such as Kent or Sussex; and what coopers keep staves for barrels the best seasoned.

LUGWARDINE.

Let me first ask yourself, Mr. Horncastle, whether men need a bank for loans, deposits, or the issue of small notes, who, abounding in gold, silver, and many still rarer metals, never coin, never buy or sell, lend or borrow, spend or save; who, in nineteen hundred years, have seen no other money than the half-crown shown to them by yourself; who labour for their amusement, and because they have nothing else that can amuse? As to the brewery they have no malt,

no hops, no bottles, no barrels, yet have they liquors of fifty different kinds, more delicate than the choicest Burgundy or the richest Tokay, all for nothing; wines which will assuage thirst, but not inebriate, to be obtained by stretching out the hand. Even yet you hardly know where you are. Unable to understand these mighty shadows when they speak, they appear, if not compatriots of your own, still contemporary with yourself. Mr. Horncastle, there are almost two thousand years between you and them; and the moon is nearer to Castleton than we are, measuring distance not by space but by presence. Once more, let me attempt to rouse you from this dream, and to convince you that all things needful, or salutary, or pleasurable, whether for the body or the spirit, — all good things which men wish for, hope for, toil for, quarrel for, in the world above, — they enjoy here as freely as the air they breathe. Here they have the rewards of labour without fatigue, the fruits of business without anxiety; they have rest, abundance, liberty, security; and they are surrounded by such riches as Solomon, dwelling in his house of ivory, could not have fancied. The air is more fragrant than that which lingers among groves of myrrh and cassia in the blessed Arabia; these waters on which we float, have far greater sweetness and lightness than the Nile, without its impurity; that many-coloured sun never forsakes, and never overheats us; our boat may stop as often as we please, under the shadow of branches bending with inexhaustible fruits, infinite in their variety, and by no man appropriated. Why should we not freely and

thankfully partake? Is there any thing else on this side of Heaven which we could wish? Here are no diseases, unless we may have brought them with us, no infirmities, and even old age is without its decrepitude. As soon as my good friend shall have acquired a sufficiency of Latin and Greek, he may converse with the wisest of mankind. He has already gained ten thousand-fold more than he ever hoped; and henceforth, in retaining that which is so easily acquired, which may be so unsparingly enjoyed, he will have nothing whatever to do.

MR. HORNCastle.

And what am I to do when I have nothing whatever to do? There needs no great store of Latin and Greek to talk about doing nothing. Prithee, hold thy tongue. It will be the best and wisest thing ever done by thee since we left Hayfield, if thou canst do that. Its Latin and Greek have gotten thee one good currying for thine hide: I would rather go without and speak English."

My friend became silent and meditative again; but this time he was also irascible. His cheeks lost their freshness, his hands were joined upon his stomach, and by his disinclination to look in the same direction with myself, I saw that the barrels were burst and the bank insolvent.

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as that part of the river was reached by us which once more exhibited to our admiration the immutable and incorruptible city, far more appropriately to be called the eternal also than its prototype, in which art and industry had collected their riches century after century, and on returning to which, both now and at all times, my wonder returned very little diminished by repetition, Acilius pointed out such edifices as were sufficiently near us for his remarks. The palace of Scipio Africanus was distinguished by seven recumbent lions lying between the eight front columns which supported its portico. So huge were the proportions of both, that I could distinguish their chains binding these monsters to the pavement. Along the frieze and upon the cornices, scaly serpents, larger in girth than a horse's carcase, seemed to struggle within the talons and under the beaks of golden eagles equally large. The whole building was African, ponderously severe, barbarously magnificent.

On the same level, at no great distance, arose another palace, light, graceful, festive, elegant; and notwithstanding its solidity, so airy and symmetrical, that it seemed to have as much relationship with the skies which glowed behind it, as with the earth on which it stood. "It was built," said Acilius, "at their own request, by Grecian architects, in honour of its in-

habitant; and there you will always find guests and travellers from Greece thronging its colonnades. Pericles is now returned for the congress at Athens, but had your own advent been some little earlier, — among other sages, patriots, and warriors, you might have encountered Pericles there. Our gratitude and reverence are not much less than theirs; we would therefore forget, if forgetfulness were possible, that although few men have ever equalled this its inhabitant in the most glorious incident by which his life was distinguished, fewer still have ever surpassed him in the most ignoble. Titus Q. Flaminius stands among mankind to show us the whole range of our humanity, how comprehensive it is, and its two extremities how wide apart.

LUGWARDINE.

My knowledge of Flaminius is imperfect and indistinct. I remember little else correctly than that he was the conqueror of Philip.

ACILIUS.

Rome would not have given him the consulship prematurely, and have intrusted the war against Macedonia to one scarcely thirty years old, because his temper was mild, his habits were noble, or his tastes refined, unless she had seen in him other and rarer qualities. For in this age of illustrious men, the people might have selected whom they pleased, and yet wisely. Rome had not to contend with some effeminate Asiatic, but with the phalanxes of Macedonia com-

manded by Philip. This was a struggle for the mastery between one nation which had conquered the world, and another which aspired to conquer it.

Happily for Flaminius, the war was protracted long enough to exhibit his highest qualifications as a statesman and a general, but no longer. After having proved his skill, his courage, his prudence, and his magnanimity, it ended in one great battle decisive of its object. There was comparatively little of that carnage which has made so many generals resemble wolves among sheep, or butchers within their shambles. Our high priest offered to the infernal deities no more than a single hecatomb, but its victims were all costly. The two most warlike nations of mankind fought in a fair field, with numbers fairly proportioned, for its supremacy.

Rome was victorious; Greece was freed from its subjection to Macedonia; Philip, ceasing to contend, gave his son as a hostage. This was such glory as placed Flaminius on the left hand of his great contemporary, Scipio Africanus, much as their palaces stand at present. Yet far higher felicity was before him. Greece had been freed from Macedonia; but in what sense, and to what extent? Liberty, from which were derived her earliest honours, her happiness at all times, her moral and intellectual superiority, her name proudest among the nations of mankind, — in what sense, and to what extent, had it been restored? This passion, the more intense because, during so many ages, it had been confined to her bosom alone; this motive to all her noblest virtues, all her loftiest enterprises, and many of her fiercest crimes; with

which she still panted like a Sibyl stimulated and maddened by the divinity within, but sometimes relapsing heartless and hopeless too, like her, — should it again smoulder under another domination, merely changing Macedonian tyranny for Roman patronage? Or would Rome content her ambition with such a superintendency as she exercised elsewhere, approving or disapproving, permitting or forbidding, remonstrating in little matters, but threatening if they became great?

The Isthmian games are at hand, and then the conqueror will speak! Such were the questions and expectations debated by multitudes, all converging to the same centre, from many nations once the most powerful and illustrious upon earth, small as they were. Would Flaminius place his garrisons in the cities of Corinth, Chalcis, and Demetrius, watching and overawing Greece, while he permitted her magistrates to resume their functions? Would he acquiesce in what the Roman senate, and those ten commissioners sent from Rome, proposed? Or rather as the Ætolians maintained, would he not impose still heavier chains than those of Philip, more strong though better polished, releasing the feet but shackling the hands and neck?

CHAPTER IX.

THE Isthmian games begin — all Greece is assembled — the Roman proconsul presides. After the first acclamations of victory, that decree will be heard which has the same force as if uttered by destiny, and is waited for with the same awe. The highest hope at present is, not that Greece may become free, but less humiliated by her subjection. After the trumpet has ceased to sound, and while the herald walks forth, how terrible is the suspense ! He proclaims, in the name of Rome, that “ Titus Quinctius Flaminius, having conquered Philip and the Macedonians, restores liberty and their national laws to all the states and cities of Greece. Their taxes are remitted ; their garrisons are withdrawn ; they will choose their own magistrates ; they are the friends and allies of Rome.”

LUGWARDINE.

No other man can have attained to such happiness as this. Some of your historians have said that the assembled people did not, at first, either believe or understand what they heard, through the trepidation excited by their own eagerness,—that their hearts beat so audibly as to intercept the herald’s words, — that they demanded a repetition of the decree, — and that when he had confirmed it with a still louder voice, their acclamations killed or stunned the birds which

were flying across the theatre above their heads ! This kind of glory is purchased without tears, by beneficence instead of blood ; and I remember that yet greater lustre is shed by it upon Flaminius, because the concession was painfully extorted from Rome, and only after many passionate supplications as well as some vehement and dangerous remonstrances. Even to Scipio there was no single day like this ; nor would there have been to Hannibal if he had entered Rome.

ACILIUS.

Hannibal was at that time an exile through Carthaginian ingratitude, or rather a fugitive from the jealousy and vengeance of Rome. Scipio had treated so noble an enemy with the familiar courtesies due to his misfortunes and his greatness. Still less reason was there afterwards for such persecution, when Rome had been raised by additional conquests far above danger or rivalry, and now the greatest of her enemies was enfeebled by old age. Time did, indeed, by degrees mitigate this ungenerous resentment against an outcast, overthrown rather through parsimony than misfortune. Hannibal had approached the court of Prusias in Bithynia as a suppliant, and was living under his protection there as a guest. Yet an ambassador from Rome, sent to Bithynia, by no means for this purpose but on other business, would not suffer that the exile, the suppliant, the guest, should either live or die in peace, old as he was. The entreaties and remonstrances of Prusias were overruled

by his threats. That imperious mistress whom he represented, must be obeyed. — “If the Romans think it so tedious to wait till age dismisses me, and nature calls me away,” said the contemptuous hero as he drank his poison, “let us relieve their anxieties.” Alas, who thus foully dishonoured his country by imputing such cowardice to it, or himself by the gratuitous commission of so much cruelty? It was Titus Quinctius Flaminius, the deliverer of Greece!

LUGWARDINE.

In that sacred book of which you have heard me speak as so much revered by us Christians, and so negligently obeyed, there are represented typically the several empires which would be established among mankind, with their characteristic qualities and order of succession. A statue was seen, human in its proportions, radiant as the sun, reaching to the skies, whose head appeared like purest gold. Silver, brass, iron, were the grosser metals which constituted its inferior members, still growing viler as they descended. The feet were no better than a mixture of iron and clay. Such was the prophetic emblem, now punctually explained to us, and partly by yourselves. But beside its higher and holier purpose, this visionary image also represents to us man’s nature when most sublime. That part nearest to the skies is of the finest gold, that part nearest to the earth is like the earth, feeble, fragile, foul. Some qualities that are precious, more that are base or common, lie between.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK X.

Idem ego, cùm subiî convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

CHAPTER I.

CICERO had dismissed me with an exhortation to the love of truth. "Its supremacy," said he as Acilius led me out, "supersedes every thing else." But what is truth? The question may be proposed reverentially, whether, as Bacon says, Pilate mocked or not. Where is the exercise of this supremacy to be discovered in the world we inhabit now? Of all the maxims which we accept without examination, because they are old and silly, the oldest and silliest maintains that, "Truth will prevail at last." For it is adduced every day, not in reference to another life, or to that future retribution which must be both public and equitable, but to some supposed disclosure, sooner or later, even here.

However long the previous misconception may have continued, when a falsehood has been detected, or a truth confirmed, we do indeed know which it is. But who knows how much remains unknown? Who can count the many millions of lost truths — of truths that have perished with the occasions for them; or of falsehoods that, after having accomplished their purposes, slink back into oblivion? If the breaking heart might derive some consolation from this belief, one would not disturb it. Yet let us consider how many hearts may have broken while waiting for the truth and justice which never came. Good characters have perished, or, what is worse, bad ones have

been falsely imputed and kept alive by malice, through misapprehension, or because there has been no opportunity for the disproof. Scorn quickened by wit constitutes a strong antiseptic brine in which innocence may become immortal as well as infamous. What professional satirist has not blasted the reputations of men better than himself?

Thus too, in the ordinary transactions of life, it is a second injustice to suppose that no tyrants or hypocrites have escaped exposure; and that all the wretches whom they have persecuted or defrauded, have found compassion if not redress. Charity should teach us that truth does *not* always prevail, that falsehood is *not* always detected, that some murders will *not* out, that many innocent persons never do obtain justice, and that we must look for an infallible tribunal elsewhere.

What then is truth? If it be partial, it must be imperfect; if imperfect, so far untrue. There is the danger of deception both in its deficiency and excess. A mongrel truth is a falsehood well descended from only one of its parents, or a gentle bastard with some good blood in its veins. Search as long as you please and produce, if you can, a report descended either from tradition or history, in whose pedigree there is no flaw.

I had spoken of Christian morals, so far, with the most scrupulous moderation and sincerity. It is not my custom, at any time, to exaggerate what I propose, to attempt sudden surprisals and pointed novelties, to extort a hesitating acquiescence by overbearing and clamorous demands. Remember what I have

said, and you will find no such thing. This audacity is become a very offensive characteristic of our literature. We have lost the cautious deliberation with which opinions should be discussed or knowledge communicated. The candid reader is no longer propitiated by deferential appeals to his better judgment—his gentleness, kindness, and sagacity. Our forefathers were more than sturdy enough when exasperated by polemics; but the combatants threw their stinkpots and hand-granades at each other's heads, not at the spectators'. Out of doors, and towards their enemies, they were heroically fierce; among their guests in their withdrawing rooms and their neighbours in their halls, they were almost tediously polite. We cease to be gentlemen as soon as the pen is in our hands. All opposition must be silenced by the gasconade of infallibility. Not only the political, but the moral, and even the religious reasoner behaves like a strong bully in the marketplace, who elbows roughly the standers by, and kicks a passage for himself before he is impeded. Even gentler spirits among us are too egotistic for a pure taste. But no vice is so common at present as this display of false energy by disproportionate language. Exaggeration is not only one form of falsehood, it is one of its worst forms, since the swoln and contagious body gains admission by walking in upon healthy legs. Truth when perverted and mis-stated ceases to be true.

Keeping bashfully within its lawful boundaries, I have described Christian morals, first, as they are set forth in Sacred Scripture; and, then, as they are

exemplified by us Christians. Here are no forced contrasts — no naked parallels between good doctrines and bad men. I spoke of the spirit, not of the letter — of the pious, not of the profligate. Moderating the severity of our faith and its requirements, I conceded, in abatement, all those qualifications which can be fairly demanded by time, climate, usage, or opinion. Describing the elasticity of that garment, woven without seam throughout, which was designed for so many ages and nations, I extended it as liberally as I dared. I hinted at no community of goods, no renunciation of property, no poor man's feast from which opulence is excluded, no ready relinquishment both of the cloak and coat. Nor have I said a single syllable yet about that profusion which is so insulting to misery. And shall I be punished for my falsehood? How do we spend our time? Which occupation do we pursue as the *principal* business of life? Which subjects do we propose to our friends and discuss before our children! From Alexander and Aristotle, I appeal to both houses of parliament, to the Mansion house, the India house, the South-sea house, and the railway companies — to all London, all Europe, all America.

If you unfold your map of the world, you will find that they are the Christian countries which excel in traffic — and again among themselves, that a Christian country excels in traffic proportionably as it excels in religious zeal. Thus too when any sect among Christians, or any individual among sects, is distinguished by gravity and sobriety, you may calculate on a corresponding abundance of investments, specu-

lations, India bonds, mortgages, insurances, railway scrip, and bank-stock. Such good and faithful servants know best how their Master's one talent may be turned into ten talents; but as long as they can forbear, they will render to him no account, either of the profits or the principal. Is it that Christians are more active and assiduous than other men—that they possess more energy, intelligence, and circumspection? Or have they discovered some new method of serving two masters with equal love, honour and fidelity, but with widely disproportioned zeal? Eighty or ninety thousand preachers at least remind this Christian world every week of the camel and the needle's eye—the wide path and the open gate—the fool and his new storehouses—the young man who answered well, but yet went sorrowfully away—and the rich man who besought so vainly for his five brethren, and for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Because I can no better reconcile such contradictions than the wisest among these eighty or ninety thousand preachers, shall I be whipped?

CHAPTER II.

THE hall, on our return to it, was filled with a much greater concourse than either time before, though only such patrician spectators occupied the principal places as could understand Greek. With some anxiety I perceived significant changes in its arrangements, resembling the order and formality of a public court. Cæsar and Alexander sat side by side, each in a sort of large and wide armed chair, or sella curulis. Some relief arose from the observation that Alexander's countenance was become not only calm but joyous. Pointing at Mr. Horncastle, he congratulated the dictator thus—"You must have approached much nearer to the setting sun than I did to the rising, when you discovered a nation of such men as this." And, indeed, Mr. Horncastle deserved the admiration which he excited—for the stateliness of his conscious superiority rose with the occasion. He would not sit by my side, as had been arranged; but kicking away the naked feet of Livius Drusus, a tribune of the people, he exclaimed—"Prithee, friend, either make more room for me, or get thee gone." It was the latter half of this unceremonious alternative that Livius Drusus preferred.

CICERO.

We save so much of your time as would have been required to repeat and explain those elementary

principles which, however consistent in themselves, appear irreconcilable with the practice of Christians. Our new guests have heard from us no partial or inaccurate report of laws given by a divine authority ; laws consistent with wisdom, and designed for your present as well as your future, good—laws plainly written with conditions annexed to them of happiness or misery—which nevertheless you violate, rather contumaciously than carelessly, every day. To prevent confusion, it is determined that our farther inquiry shall be prosecuted by Aristotle, Atticus, and myself ; the two judges interposing only for such additional information as they may need. You will suffer no embarrassment from the captious subtleties of unfriendly pleaders—our single care is to reach the truth—the justest and the greatest among mankind must decide upon it. It will obviate future misapprehensions and evasions, if I remind you that they are not your tempers and passions accidentally inflamed, of which we speak, but of your deliberate choice and habitual preference, of the pursuits to which you devote your time and thoughts, studiously, laboriously, and often distastefully. For unless your nature differ greatly from ours, the accumulation of riches must be less pleasureable than the expenditure of them :—they are collected that they may be dispersed. But your industry begins early ; its eagerness lasts all life through ; and the expected fruits are the reclamations of reason, the reproaches of conscience, and God's displeasure. In disregard of your peace, in despite of your religion, you will become rich. More money than you want, than you spend,

than you think advantageous to your heirs—is coveted and saved. Or is it asked whether in Greece and Rome there were no misers? They are not your misers about whom we inquire. Our religion said little on the subject to warn us and dissuade us. Its obligations were nothing stronger than conjecture and probability. We had no written laws—no revealed promises—no divine teachers.

LUGWARDINE.

If what I said could have suggested the belief that all Christians are alike in this eagerness for wealth; or that their common Master is not gratefully revered by a countless host of disciples who study his laws only to obey them, I have misrepresented their sincerity and my own intention.

CICERO.

You have said that the grave, the moral, the provident, and even the pious, are occupied till old age in collecting riches which they cannot want either for themselves or for their heirs,—that the chief solicitude of a prudent Christian is the increase of his estate.

LUGWARDINE.

Our world is grown populous enough, since you left it, to comprehend many classes even of the enlightened:—I will confess that this eagerness for gain characterises, if not the greater, certainly the graver class.

ARISTOTLE.

Let us move methodically in this new science, and feel secure that we understand its rudiments. As soon as we have dismissed the richer Christians, I am desirous to learn something of the poorer.

ATTICUS.

Alexander has said that there can be none. It is more easy to understand how some may become rich, than how any can remain poor. The Christian religion enjoins beneficence among its disciples, or what our guest calls charity. A Christian is compassionate toward the unhappy. He must be gracious as well as just—courteous as well as tolerant. He rejoices to augment the Creator's glory through the creature's happiness. He cannot think habitually on the higher object of his love without some similar emotion toward the lower. Only the Christian may understand what this feeling signifies, and through what obligations it is to him so powerful. He must share his bread with the hungry till it be consumed, or till none can continue to hunger. Every man, however unworthy or ungrateful, if he be also unhappy, is entitled to his compassion.

ARISTOTLE.

Our respect for your capacity is not increased by the dishonest adroitness with which you advance and recede, affirm and retract. Qualify or equivocate as you may please, in such a community, while there

is any wealth, there can be no distress. Water will not more naturally descend to a lower level than its gold and silver.

CICERO.

Let us consider that a want of readiness in language may be mistaken for a want of reason in argument. He slips the opportunity till the justification also escapes him. Might he not otherwise have said that such duties render men parsimonious for other people? A Christian is not permitted to covet or accumulate on his own account, yet he may spare now that he may give hereafter. Rich Christians, like public reservoirs, collect the little rills and dribblets which otherwise must run to waste; but the whole community enjoys a right of drawing from their abundance, as soon as there is need. This prohibition of thrift for their own advantage beats down selfishness. One hand gathers only that the other may disperse. Theirs is no more than the avarice of benevolence.

LUGWARDINE.

And what happiness can be more desirable or less selfish?

ARISTOTLE.

• Is there no selfishness in desiring pleasure? Our old vice and your new virtue run from one another like little children round a circular table — the faster they go, the sooner they must meet again.

ATTICUS.

Aristotle complained of a jingling equivocation which he called bastard logic. Let our great master forgive me if I remind him that less skill than his might have easily distinguished between motives so different, however named, and detect, in one of them, the threads of gold which he described as brighter than a sunbeam. How holy is a religion which proposes the greatest happiness to the most extensive benevolence !

CICERO.

Call it what we will, our living guest anticipated the objection. He fairly told us that Christians are addressed by hopes and fears, by rewards and punishments. Perhaps all created beings are, or have been, thus influenced ; all beings except one. But again the complexion of this Christian fades ; bring cooler wine.

CHAPTER III.

THE faintness discoverable in my countenance arose not from want of wine, but of heart and hope. How should I turn aside this torrent of misapprehensions? Cicero, exercising his professional dexterity as a rhetorician, though apparently desirous of liberating me from the perils provoked by my supposed inconsistencies, threw out such additional conjectures and probabilities as were best calculated to awaken other questions more dangerous than the first. Even still I am uncertain whether his mediation may not have been mischievous rather than compassionate. The farther I went backward under the shelter of his advocacy, the more comfortless was my retiring place.

ARISTOTLE.

It seems, then, that if these Christians save or covet, they do so through benevolence. Charity stimulates the prosperous adventure and the advantageous purchase. Age, so provident in the augmentation of its estates, is equally disinterested. We have sufficiently accounted for the cavern and the lead-vein, for stationary investments and accumulating capital. Christians appropriate only to transfer. They are reservoirs for the poor. Then is Alexander's supposition confirmed. As the first function of

benevolence is not to relieve, but to prevent distress, there never can have been any poor.

CICERO.

Poverty will continually re-appear through the agencies of injustice or improvidence. It may be the consequence of inexperience, of misadventure, of other men's artifices and frauds. But no Christian can become rich or continue rich beyond that reasonable sufficiency which is required for his children's welfare, his friend's assistance, and his own ease. There is surely nothing extreme in such a representation of the principles engrafted upon natural intelligence by religious belief. Many from among ourselves have placed their own still higher than this. The Christian may also regulate his expense by his position in the republic. He may desire a sufficiency of gold for present use, for probable contingencies, for a security against casual distress, — for the rank to be maintained by him without sordid frugality at home, and humiliating inferiority among his fellow citizens. But all beyond this is forbidden, — all excess is confiscated to the poor by his religion.

ARISTOTLE.

Behold the solution of this Christian enigma which has so long baffled us!

LUGWARDINE.

Why make me responsible for follies and incon-

sistencies which have dishonoured mankind in all ages, not excepting your own? Will Aristotle tell us that the disciples of Socrates invariably followed his guidance?

ATTICUS.

We have anticipated this. They are not your passions, or your inclinations as distinct from them, of which we speak. Socrates gave no laws in the name of God. The divinity did not teach through his lips. To his disciples there was no alternative proposed of eternal rewards or eternal punishments.

LUGWARDINE.

If my position here were no worse than humiliating, I should feel how painful is the descent from a propounder of sacred truths, to a culprit accused of falsehoods so profitless. But I am required to reconcile the incongruities by which will and wisdom have been separated ever since our world began, and that, too, with a scourge suspended over my shoulders. I cannot reconcile them, but I can account for them. Surely you see that I might more safely and easily adopt your suppositions, conforming my disclosures to the flattery of habits unchanged during two thousand years, and prejudices uncorrected. You tempt me, you almost constrain me to lie. Such threats are more likely to frighten truth from its confidence, than falsehood from its audacity. When addressed to the innocent they are cruel; never can you rely upon their success, for the timid must try to escape from them at the sacrifice of their integrity. Belonging to Cæsar's jurisdiction, I appeal to Cæsar.

CHAPTER IV.

CÆSAR.

LET us recommence this question so far back only as Aristotle requires; because, the second part, hitherto undiscussed, determines the first. The condition of your populace will ascertain the principles of your aristocracy. We shall learn from it in what sense and to what degree this religion of benevolence is accepted by you.

It is, I hope, unnecessary to reiterate the admonition against such evasive plausibilities as can impose on no one here. We must not again be told that, in the most civilised ages and countries, men have disregarded their interests as well as their duties, unless the responsibility, the consequence, were the same as yours. Perhaps you may attach different meanings from ours to the words employed. A divine revelation signifies something less than we suppose. In all ages, what were called revelations have been addressed to the credulity of mankind as poetical or mythological fables; allegories, useful at first, and innocently designed for the preservation of recondite truth. We, too, have had our revelations, Sybelline scriptures, Chaldæan predictions, responses from the oracles. Even before such augurs as Cicero and myself, our aruspices at Rome were far from idle.

LUGWARDINE.

Yet one of them was not clamorous enough, in the ides of March, nineteen hundred years ago, to save mankind from a less glorious sovereignty. But I have a right to demand some present forbearance. It was promised that the doctrines and testimonies of our religion should not be discussed, till by longer time given me for preparation, my language was improved. I feel the more gratefully sensible of this civility, because it remains upon my remembrance unincumbered by any other. It is difficult, even in such a presence as this, to suppress all indignation at the tyranny which commands that I should speak, and threatens me for speaking, which extorts the truth, and will not believe it. I might, indeed, attempt such subterfuges as you have pointed out; and by lessening His sacred authority from whose wisdom my religion was derived, also lessen the inconsistency and impiety that disregard it. But I dare not do so, if I would. Unlike your oracles, this revelation is as distinct and express as words can make it.

CÆSAR.

Through what proofs do you believe that it came from the Deity?

LUGWARDINE.

You propose the argument which, as it was agreed, I am permitted to postpone. It will be heard at Athens. But both by the baseness and the nobility of man's

nature ; by his treachery, tyranny, cruelty, impurity, ingratitude ; by his high hopes, his generous wishes, his excursive fancies, his love of justice, his impatience of disgrace ; you must yourselves have concluded that there was some early connexion with the Deity, either interrupted or renounced. All your religious traditions, and the wisest part of your philosophy, supposes this. Does it, then, seem incredible, that a beneficent Creator should, at some period of the world, have communicated with his creatures thus bewildered, more largely and expressly than by sooth-sayers and oracles ; that he should have taught them his will, distinguishing between right and wrong ? We say that he has done this ; but, that as there can be no merit in a slavish obedience, he leaves even our belief unforced. It is not overruled, but instructed and assisted.

Instead of evasive and enigmatical responses, our religion speaks through history plainly written, miracles largely attested, and prophecies exactly fulfilled. It appeals to accessible proofs, it challenges hostile inquiry, it commands its revilers, as well as its disciples, to search whether it were indeed given them by God. And during eighteen hundred years, the most sagacious, the most learned, and sometimes the most sceptical among mankind, have been so employed. Proud men hate it for threatening and humbling their insolence ; impious and licentious men, for warning their obduracy and rebuking their excesses. There are always abundance of enemies whose wits are sharpened by their interests as well

as their malice ; for if they can continue to disbelieve, they may escape compunction.

Whatever mysteries this religion may contain, their obscurity arises not from concealment and prohibition. Our sight fails because, like the object of it, they are at so great a distance ; not because we are forbidden to look up. Proof is given *that they are*, it is not explained *how they are*. Is Aristotle yet able to account for many properties in my nature, which was once his own ; or even in that nature, more simple still, which is now his own ? In mine, the union of spirit and matter, soul and body ; in his own, the power by which will operates on the organs of speech, so that while thinking thus piercingly, he can communicate his thoughts to other minds ? After the study of six thousand years, we have not advanced, in this direction, a single step. If all truths which are absolutely incomprehensible are equally mysterious, there can be no mysteries relating to the Deity more difficult of belief, than some properties discoverable in our own minds, and exercised by them every hour ; such as volition directing strength.

But the Christian religion, thus proposed, has gradually extended among mankind, comprehending all those nations of the earth in which thought is the most free, and its speculations are the most adventurous. There has been necessarily the same liberty to sceptical theories and audacious paradoxes. Philosophy, as restless and immodest as in your times, still pants for controversial notoriety. Pride is the form of selfishness longest-lived and hardest

to conquer. New sects spring up from the old roots of vanity, rather than of avarice. Thus philosophical criticism labours incessantly to discover, in those written testimonies from which we derive laws, some error, some contradiction, or at least some different method by which they may be explained. It would throw doubts on their origin, on their integrity, or on their meaning as hitherto understood. They should be construed mystically, allegorically, sentimentally, philosophically. Meanwhile centuries pass by. In eighteen hundred years not one fact has been disproved, not one testimony has been subverted. There are more reverential disciples of learned and dispassionate sagacity than there ever were. Enmity, by proving its impotence, has strengthened what it could not shake. The tree grows larger and higher amid this clamorous visitation of obscene birds which sometimes alight upon its branches, and of unclean beasts which, at other times, burrow about its roots.

CICERO.

Your eloquence is too excursive and Asiatic for a severe taste. But returning to our subject, why should you attempt an explanation of inconsistencies which have never been imputed? The inconsistency so perplexing at present, is that of the prudent, the pious, the professed believers in this religion. There is nothing inconsistent in such hostility as you describe, from the legions opposed to it, or from men fighting under any other ensigns. If Aristotle and

Plato so far agreed as to patronise riches and the desire of riches, if they considered them as less morally mischievous than is poverty, what then? The question does not relate to their philosophical theories, but to your religious belief. And thus too of the sceptics among yourselves: who need wonder that they should transgress those laws which they refuse to acknowledge? Dismissing all other parties from your consideration, speak to us only of Christians,—of voluntary disciples in that religious belief which, as you say, was given them authoritatively by God.

CHAPTER V.

LUGWARDINE.

“MY excursion has had its use ; for gaining courage from the name of Truth, I will declare it freely, deal with me as you may please. Among us Christians, there are opposed an inconceivable amount of wealth and luxury, in one large class ; of destitution and misery, in another far larger. We have reservoirs, conduits, granaries, what you will ; but our poor may only look at the full sacks and the overflowing waters from a distant standing place assigned to them by the laws. While upon our knees, we all are brethren ; but the next moment after we have risen from them, there is not the slightest relationship. I was asked whether we did not esteem riches and luxuries as infamous, whether the violater of a divine commandment could fail to blush ? We are not ashamed to spend, rather through habit and idleness than for enjoyment, such sums as if distributed among the miserable, would at least abate and suspend their misery ; yet often neither splendidly nor magnificently, neither popularly nor royally. Ours is a selfish and even a parsimonious prodigality intent on petty indulgences, and calculating its extravagances. We have no builders of baths, and aqueducts, and amphitheatres ; no man among us ever thought of sending his gold and silver to the public treasury ; but we evade the taxes, remonstrate passionately

against the quæstor's surcharges, declare that we are cruelly and iniquitously oppressed by the poor's-rates. Meanwhile, we dismiss every day from our tables untasted dishes which would feast a small family and sustain a large one. Histories have descended to us from your own age of almost incredible profusion. The supper given in his Apollo by Lucullus to Cicero and Pompeius, is not forgotten. Yet this was the entertainment prepared for guests of temperate habits and refined tastes. Comparing our customs, not with theirs, but with those of other men in the same rank, we are perhaps less gluttonous, less ostentatious, certainly less indecent and obscene. But this superiority is not through religion. It is the corrective applied rather by taste than by temperance.

CICERO.

A Christian's first consideration, then, is not the written law to which, nevertheless, you refer us?

LUGWARDINE.

His religion, which should rule, is itself modified by custom, by example, by opinion; he considers how his compatriots of the same station live, what may his equals, his associates, and even his dependants think. There is no necessity so urgent as that which requires him to do as they do. For one man who follows reverentially the example of this divine Master, or the suggestions of his own understanding, at least twenty men submit to the slavery of each

other's thoughts. Few among us are so wealthy as Lucullus, but there are annual revenues, or incomes as we call them, derived from land, or merchandise, or usury, which amount to five or six hundred talents ; yet some millions of our poorer people subsist each daily, till death shall better provide for them, on half a dinarius. Religion demands our hospitality for those who can make to us no return ; yet the entertainment of twenty guests, all of whom have been well fed and twice fed only some few hours before, might, if converted into more salutary nourishment, satisfy five hundred men hungry through toil or faint through old age. Three, four, five talents have been consumed at a single banquet. Such is Christian beneficence and its promptitude, that, in our larger cities, Christian men live surrounded by misery, perhaps at no greater distance than an arrow's flight, helpless, forsaken, distempered, ill-sheltered, half-clothed, unfed, which they never saw, never heard of, and never inquired about. Grave men, virtuous men, religious men ; chief counsellors, chief priests, nobles, fundholders, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, stock-jobbers, shopkeepers ; the idle, the tranquil, the busy, often know nothing whatever, by personal observation, of the poor. So in our provinces, a rich man visits his stable and his dog-kennel, if disengaged, every day, who hardly five times in his life has entered a peasant's cottage, unless it might be for shelter from the rain, though perhaps the cottage was his own. His stables must be warm yet well ventilated ; his dog-kennel littered with clean straw, and abundantly supplied with running water ; the cottage

meanwhile has no cover to its draw-well, no drain from its dunghill, and no resident encumbent in its pig-sty. He pats his horse; he plays with his spaniel; if he be graciously disposed, he touches his hat to the salutation of his Christian neighbour.

Let me explain this dominion of custom and luxury, not by instances selected from the selfish and hard-hearted, but, as its fairest exemplification, from the good, the generous, the charitable. One of the most amiable and benevolent among our patricians expended lately two hundred and twenty-five silver talents in constructing a vast crystalline house to keep his foreign shrubs and flowers from catching cold. Lucullus felt no greater pleasure when he had excavated a mountain for his grottoes, or admitted the sea into his fish-ponds. Our senator had not overrun Asia in the pursuit of conquered kings, yet the money was as fairly his. Two hundred and twenty-five talents might have sheltered from the cold, generation after generation, five hundred poor families, or two thousand five hundred people. Or they might have built, commodiously and substantially, fifty of such rural temples as are so much needed for public worship in our tempestuous climate. Or they might have founded and endowed an infirmary sufficient to receive all the broken limbs within a circle of thirty miles. Or they might have freed from their anxieties and their extortioners three thousand insolvent debtors. Under the supremacy of wealth, opinion determines the botanical uses to be quite as good.

Except the parsimonious, we are all extravagant in little follies. The sum spent on an inkstand, a

tulip-root, a bird-cage, a dog-collar, an amber-headed riding-whip, — would new thatch the triple cottage at our garden gate, and fortify three large families against the rheumatism.

But in justification of luxury, we are taught that it encourages the industrious and, in another form, provides for the poor. We are asked whether the builder of a conservatory or a chariot may not have children to maintain as well as the maker of a shoe? Whether the artist (by which word we distinguish the painter, statuary, architect, jeweller, musician, from the artisan,) should relinquish his patrons, and the country its civilisation? When the Christian tells us that not for any selfish indulgence is his money thus expended, — that in preferring elegance and countenancing luxury he considers how best he shall dispense his riches, — we must become silent, whether we believe him or otherwise. He lies; yet he would complain of incivility if we said so. My argument is not with the Political Economist, but with the Christian; and the Christian must answer for his *motives*. When he feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, his motives are less ambiguous than when he purchases a service of plate for his dining-table, or a diamond necklace for his wife's toilet. I have no controversy with the Political Economist. It may be good for the community that individuals should not be good.

CICERO.

But do you believe this ?

LUGWARDINE.

If I do not, others do.

CHAPTER VI.

ARISTOTLE.

As you have no slaves, the poor must labour for hire, while they are able to labour. In what manner are they supported when not able?

LUGWARDINE.

The same respect for truth which forbids to me partial and exaggerated representations, would have reminded me, if you had not, that our holy faith has, so far, rectified neglect, and prevailed against cruelty. We have no slaves: those who serve us are subject neither to stripes nor fetters. The labourer may choose his master: the artisan, always free, is often sufficiently enlightened and courageous to defy injustice. Both, when through sickness, or age, or some accidental misfortune, they can toil no longer, are entitled to their daily bread, either from the soil they have cultivated or the public purse. Coarse and scanty as it is, they may demand it. No man is permitted to perish through want, though it be the consequence of his follies or his vices. A member of the same community, every Christian must be respected by the law, and every man is supposed to be a Christian.

The description of evil in society is always easier, and it always appears more pointedly prominent,

more distinctly and vividly true, than the description of what is good. To us it becomes problematical how your institutions could have continued to exist at all. There must have been many of those subtile charities penetrating and lubricating their mechanism, which operated unobserved among so much dust and noise. While particularising our vices and inconsistencies, I have been unable to point out the sanative influences which, in a thousand ways, lighten and leaven, control and counteract.

CÆSAR.

Truth leaves her vestiges, pointing them in the opposite direction, like those of the stolen oxen recovered from Cacus by Hercules. They are often lost, indeed, amid these swamps and forests of improbability, but their impression is sure to reappear. No imagination could have fabricated a history so irreconcilable with what we might expect, yet often so accordant with what we may remember.

ARISTOTLE.

We receive and recognise them, then, because they are too incredible for disbelief! I know how much weight is gained by a paradox from its size and substantiality.

ALEXANDER.

In the world above, I never determined so well, or acted with so much success, as after having thrown probability behind me. I did not travel less safely

or confidently, because no man, calculating my direction, could preoccupy the way. Too much respect for probability is as great an obstruction in the advances of wisdom, as of any other enterprise; for it narrows our choice, shortens our prospect, impedes our activity, abates our courage. This man may conduct us into regions unexplored and unimagined while we lived,—regions which, if we calculate remoteness by time as the Persians did, may lie away from Aristotle and me two thousand two hundred years.

CICERO.

Two thousand two hundred years, reckoned upward even from our time, would have placed us in the Golden Age. If not too old for such contests, we might have run races with Iphacles, or have ridden them with Castor and Bellerophon. Changes as great may have been accomplished by the descending stream in choking or subverting systems. It seems certain that if the moral and religious institutions of men have become happier through some divine illumination, so much more feeble has become their ability to appreciate the benefit and profit by its splendour.

ARISTOTLE.

This inquiry will furnish matter for the congress at Athens. Alexander and I must no longer suffer it to retard our return: but you who follow us can meanwhile facilitate the investigation by such preparatory inquiry as will remove difficulties, shorten misapprehensions, and teach us what to ask.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK XI.

Idem ego, cùm subiî convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

BOOK XI.

CHAPTER I.

OUR nature has gradually so well accommodated itself to the first punishment incurred by disobedience, that liberty is often an incumbrance; and we feel like those prisoners now released, who beg for lodgings in their former quarters, with renewed permission to pun hemp. A life of contemplation supposes faculties adapted to it, and is therefore ill-calculated for more than one man in five hundred. A life which may be spent as we please, is much the same as a life of idleness insidiously recommended by liberty on one side, and pleasure on the other. But our eyes being thus dazzled, that passage to happiness through industry, of which we have spoken, is overlooked. Warned as he has been again and again, the merchant, the tradesman, the lawyer, the mariner, the farmer still pants for the expected competence and a release from toil.

Yet of the many who are born with this privilege, some are wise enough to decline it. They busy themselves in public matters as legislators or magistrates,—they traverse lands and seas that they may recount their adventures,—they collect antiquarian curiosities, coins, portraits, manuscripts, coats of arms,

coats of mail, legends of battles,—they provide the drawings and documents for a county history—or perhaps holding such materiality in less estimation, they write tales, novels, poems, plays, pamphlets, criticisms. But still, in a country so opulent as ours, myriads of educated men remain who may pass their time as they please. Their parents or guardians have sufficiently supplied them with the rudiments of knowledge. On a par with their fellows, they are scholars, mathematicians, theologians, what not? They have taken honorary degrees; they are first, second, or third class young men.

Our little frigates thus well found, thus stored, and armed, and liberally appointed, begin a voyage which has no destination. They are sent out as rovers upon the great ocean of life, and may cruize about east, west, north, or south, returning to port when they will. Rather like yachts than merchantmen or men-of-war, they are unrestricted by instructions or commissions, and irresponsible to the Admiralty. This is pleasant sailing; but only for a few short voyages and in fine weather. Liberty, exempt from the distractions of ill-fortune and the encroachments of any social interference, should circumscribe its own caprices; otherwise it will grow sick either through intemperance or satiety. Why should that parental care which has provided the elements of knowledge and wisdom, stop short before they can mature their fruits? Every man's thoughts ought to have some object in sight, not always, nor eagerly, but with hope. His right of selection is enough for liberty.

Through the vast labyrinth of nature, there are paths pleasurable, innumerable, and interminable; some only partially explored, others almost untrodden yet. No educated man has ever appeared to me so happy as the naturalist, unless it be the chemist. He partakes, without fatigue, in the dignity of his science. He is approached as a philosopher, the disciple of illustrious masters, adding perhaps to their imperfect revelations, and accomplishing what they only may have proposed. If he stand before the vestibule, upon the steps only, of this glorious temple, he is numbered among its priests. With his brethren, there is competition enough for industry and rivalry; enough to animate and stimulate his zeal, but not enough to call forth those more malignant feelings by which wise men, and even good men, have been disgraced.

The astronomer finds his work rather too laborious for enjoyment, if he would controvert anything not yet determined, or communicate anything not yet known. This queen of the sciences must either be attended obsequiously close at hand, and often with great fatigue, or loosely, idly, uninquisitively, afar off, with very little profit. It is a mistake to suppose that she spends all her time in spying through long telescopes. But observe your botanist while engaged about a new flower, especially if it be of his own finding. There is very little difference indeed between a new flower and a new planet. Or your conchologist depositing, in its appropriate cell, a *Pecten* with two irregular valves. Or your entomologist directing his microscope to an infusorial's double liver and second

stomach. Or your beetle and butterfly hunter dragging along the grass-plot his invisible net. But above all, your geologist, with his hammer, his bag, his fragments of mica slate, his ample demonstrations that our earth has been sixteen million centuries in cooling, though it is still sixteen million times hotter than a glass-house furnace. No cricket chirping over the baker's oven is so happy as he!

With the amateur turner and his lathe I have not much sympathy. The creation of chessmen and tortoise-shell rings is rather silly than scientific. But your geologist hides some brandy-cake under the froth of his syllabub. He sets the chemist to work; he tells the mineralogist both where he may look for copper, and where he may not look for coal. He fathoms the earth's entrails, extorting from them some better things, in addition to the fossil tusks of a wild-boar or the petrified vertebræ of a bitch-wolf.

If such studies are not specifics securing us from the too rapid pulsation of love, they mitigate its throbs, and act as sedatives, while we suffer under the feverish lassitude of idleness. But were I to begin life again, it should be as a chemist. Infinite are the resources of a laboratory in dissipating melancholy thoughts, and sublimating terrestrial affections. You must forget that your heart is breaking, while in all probability the retort will break first. Mr. Horncastle held Cupid at arm's length till he had more leisure for tenderness, than hopes of money. It was after the explosion of his crucible filled with chippings from the philosopher's stone and lixiviated moonshine, that he learnt how much he loved.

Am I accused of inconsistency, Sir, in recommending that you should be industrious? What else have I recommended? Alas, who knows better from long experience that neither virtue nor happiness can remain idle! But as there is a time for all things under the sun; so for all good things, to moderate their haste and regulate their proportions, there is a wisdom which abhors excess.

CHAPTER II.

IN this lower world nothing is done violently, eagerly, inconsiderately. There occurs none of that jostling and perplexity, through precipitation, which distract us when above. Alexander and Aristotle are gone: in what we call four or five weeks, their congress will hold its session; and some ten or fifteen days earlier, the Roman sages will set out to follow them. Thus leisure enough is proposed for the collection of other particulars from me, which may be sifted and simplified before their submission to an assemblage so august. It is foreseen that I shall need advocates as well as patrons. Meanwhile our hosts are occupied by other preparations also; thus relieving Mr. Horncastle and myself from the constraint of an hospitality too solicitous for our ease.

Painfully was I disconcerted by Bartholomew's refusal of information in those pursuits which interested us both, but him rather than me. He seemed in ill-health, and, for the first time since our acquaintance, out of spirits. Sosthenes told me that my poor friend shunned even his company: that he watched for opportunities to escape from the city, and to hide himself beyond the reach of observation, growing irritable and peevish if pursued. His presence no longer occasioned surprise in those who met him; so that as guests privileged under Cicero's protection, we might walk abroad unmolested either

separately or together. When I proposed that we should now revisit the valley in which he had found so much pleasure, accumulating mechanical knowledge for future use, to my inexpressible surprise and mortification, Mr. Horncastle refused. Nay, by hurrying in an opposite direction from the river, and climbing those hills over which we had approached and discovered the city, he seemed as if desirous of shunning all temptation that way.

Trusting, however, that such estrangement was casual, or temporary, or the result of some slight indisposition, and that my assistance would soon become acceptable as well as necessary, I waited awhile. There was in my friend less of contumacy and dogmatism than formerly. At home, he walked slowly about the vacant apartments with his hands hooked together behind his back, as if they were thus folded and laid up, because there could be no future use for them. Often did those gilded roofs ring with the echo of Bartholomew's yawns, long protracted by their usual melody, the burden of which is — *O, dear me!* Such an accomplishment not having descended from the world above in any other instance, his oscitancy surprised, at first, and for a long time delighted, the manes who were near enough to hear it. Much after the same listless manner in which a countryman at home eyes the deserted stalls and booths when his village wake is over, my friend gazed at pictures, statues, bas-reliefs, mosaic and tessellated ornaments, with a hundred other such specimens of art, as Titian or Correggio could have seen only in their dreams. When not looking toward

myself, there was a dejected quietude and placidity which rather grieved than gratified me. The cheeks were pale and flaccid; the features had lost much of that resolute energy which never quite forsook them even in the cavern. He walked about or sat down, he went abroad and returned home, only because any other place seemed preferable to the present. Active as he had always hitherto been, I observed that, when not seated, he continually looked round him for a seat. I apprehended the approach of ill-health both in mind and body.

Still, when he pleased, he could travel far enough; and after some days, by our reckoning, I traced him to the summit of that high range above the city which commanded grandeur so marvellous, in one direction, and solitude so tranquil and enchanting in the other. It had rained heavily after the usual interval; and my friend, finding shelter in a little cavity of the rock, sat with his face averted from the direction by which he was to be approached. When I joined him, he started and seemed displeased. Desirous of some better understanding between us, as soon as I had seated myself at his side, I said, "Look we which way we will, Mr. Horncastle, this is such a prospect as no man ever gazed upon in the world above."

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Nevertheless I should prefer almost any other prospect to this, in either world, if haply I might miss seeing thee as part of it.

LUGWARDINE.

Sometimes, to unkindness and injustice, silence may be safer than even the soft answer which turneth away wrath. I know your partiality to Mam Tor; but we might as reasonably compare Castleton with Rome; or a gooseberry bush with the Sicilian chestnut tree.

MR. HORNCastle.

Yet while the rain fell, I almost fancied that I might soon see something which used to please me quite as much. If it were not the worse for other people, I could have wished the fine weather as far off as we are from Hayfield, and as little likely to return.

LUGWARDINE.

Why wish for a prospect, the more distant parts of which must be continually intercepted?

MR. HORNCastle.

As well leave a little to fancy. We may see too far for our peace. I now see that we shall never get home again. While the rain fell, things looked as they do to people when half asleep, who have nothing worth waking for.

LUGWARDINE.

Such day-dreams correspond rather with my temperament than Mr. Horncastle's. They are sometimes worse than a waste of time.

MR. HORNCastle.

We can hardly waste too much of it down here. What else have we to do with it? As well sit apart and look at the rain drops as at these philosophers. Whose idleness ever came up to theirs? The lads that play truant on Castleton crossways, have not spent two thousand years at leap-frog or toss-and-hustle, as is the case, by thy report, with these philosophers.

LUGWARDINE.

I own, as far as their theories are concerned, to the toss-and-hustle.

MR. HORNCastle.

Thou hast vain babblings enough, Antony, as a set-off against their perverse disputations and old wives' fables.

LUGWARDINE.

Then let us apply our thoughts to more profitable and tangible matters. Mr. Horncastle has had an opportunity repeatedly proposed, to perfect his knowledge in those mechanical studies which he loves the best, and in which his attainments are already the greatest. We offer to reconduct him where, so short a time ago, he appeared happy both in receiving and communicating information; where months and years might be consumed profitably as well as agreeably, every day presenting something new. As far as my languages can be of use to him, they are always at

his service. A sovereign prince with the crown upon his head, could hardly have received more respectful attention from the men of science, than did Bartholomew Horncastle; partly on his own account, partly through the recommendatory testimonies given by Sosthenes and Acilius. How happens it that he shuns those gratifications now, which were once so delightful to him; that he would rather gaze at a landscape, the features of which he is hardly able to distinguish, than at works which he may imitate and appropriate after having carried them home?

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Because he cannot imitate them, appropriate them, or carry them home. Bartholomew Horncastle knows, well nigh, how Mam Tor might be lifted out of its bed if the tackle were strong enough; how the largest of the Westmoreland lakes might be pumped dry; how to bring up coal from his pits though two or three thousand fathom deep; — he knows how to do twenty things which no other man upon earth ever could do, and, behold, he can do nothing at all! Neither for help nor counsel is he wanted here. He has less substance than one of these ghosts, for they can do many things. Talking of dreams, didst ever dream that thy grandmother or thine aunt had brought to thee her apron quite full of new-coined guineas, which turned out on waking neither more nor better than three or four ginger-bread-nuts? I have, to my sorrow. Look, Antony, I now loath the

very thought of these machines ! Their clack in my ears sounds much like thy Latin and Greek. All I can learn from it is that here I am nothing at all, and can do nothing at all ! Turn me which way I will, I find the same thing to be true as that, even though it was spoken by thyself, about the Bank and the Brewery.

CHAPTER III.

LUGWARDINE.

THESE are hypochondriac phantoms generated by indigestion or insufficient sleep. I have always conceded to Mr. Horncastle the superiority in good sense; therefore my wonder is the greater that he should not better reconcile his thoughts with his condition.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Always conceding to Mr. Horncastle the superiority in good sense, Mr. Lugwardine has conceded very little indeed. Mr. Horncastle thanks Mr. Lugwardine for next to nothing. But Mr. Horncastle, being as he is no philosopher, feels little pleased to eat and drink at other people's charge; or to ask by signs twenty times every day for a clothes-brush, a hair-brush, a tooth-brush, or even a blacking-brush, all in vain, nobody understanding one word he says; or for a morsel of soap, or for the loan of a razor. Nor is he pleased that Mr. Lugwardine should *bemister* after this fashion, as if Mr. Horncastle designed to set up for a squire and Mr. Lugwardine for a gentleman. There are some other things, beside these and Mr. Lugwardine's company, not very pleasant to him. Among the rest, it is not very pleasant that Mr. Horncastle can get nothing with which to fill his belly.

LUGWARDINE.

This want astonishes me still more than that the single companion who might interpret your thoughts and wishes to other people, should be repelled so ungraciously.

MR. HORNCastle.

Then prithee, Antony Lugwardine, do not hold me for a baby thus. Even above ground I called no man master, and I am quite as unwilling to begin down here, lest I should acknowledge as such either Satan or thyself, if there be any difference between you.

LUGWARDINE.

Well, let us hope that it was spoken inconsiderately rather than unthankfully, when you complained of wanting food. While eating or drinking, my only difficulty is to know how soon I should leave off. Surrounded as we are by such fruits and wines as never grew upon the earth's surface, what would you have, Bartholomew Horncastle?

MR. HORNCastle.

I would have my dinner, if I could get it.

LUGWARDINE.

Your dinner?

MR. HORNCastle.

It would be the first these three months. Fruit

and wine are very well for those who like them after dinner, but not before it, and still less without it.

LUGWARDINE.

What dinner would you prefer to these delicacies?

MR. HORNCastle.

I am not particular, but I should prefer a roasted leg of pork and apple sauce, or a boiled leg and pease pudding, a roasted goose, or a boiled turkey, a round of corned beef, or a saddle of mutton. Were they mine to give, I would exchange a cartload of these peaches, or apricots, or whatever else we may call them in Greek, for a bottle of Burton ale with some Stilton cheese and new-baked bread. Thou shouldst have the bottle after I had done with it.

LUGWARDINE.

You astonish me, Mr. Horncastle!

MR. HORNCastle.

Peradventure thou mightest astonish me, if the goose were before thee, and we had only one between us.

LUGWARDINE.

How far away do we slide from that purity and simplicity in which our appetites began when our existence began, and to which they must return as soon as it shall recommence. The teaching received

by us all life long, is a disqualification for heaven. We are educated during some sixty or seventy years, so as to render us as incapable as possible of every pleasure it may propose physical, moral, and intellectual. Out of ten thousand men, there is not one man who, still feeling and thinking as he now feels and thinks, would be content in Paradise. Is Bartholomew Horncastle a fit candidate for its beautitudes?

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Bartholomew Horncastle is neither Adam nor yet Eve.

LUGWARDINE.

But he is their descendant, hoping and studying to regain hereafter what they lost, to re-possess what they forfeited, to re-enter, by figure at least, where they abode. The purpose of his present existence is to work out for himself, through the endowments so liberally bestowed upon him, either this felicity, or else a far greater typified by this. Setting aside the grosser kinds of nourishment adapted to our grosser kind of bodies, what were the moral and intellectual pleasures which they once possessed and so soon forfeited? Ease, peace, rest, quietude, — a glorious subject for contemplation, an inexhaustible abundance of all things needful for enjoyment, exemption both from natural and accidental evil, a long undisturbed sabbath with which nothing painful, mischievous, or alarming might interfere. Which of all these is wanting to ourselves at the present hour,

excepting their perpetuity? And may not even the single exception or deficiency prove advantageous by promising a change to some other state happier still? Not while wandering in the desert does Bartholomew so much lust after his Egyptian fleshpots; but here, even now! My good friend has too much wisdom for displeasure against sober words spoken in sincerity. If they are untrue, let him reject them; but not till they have been considered and disproved. Preparing our hearts, our tempers, and also our habits for the eternity before us, we are required to set our affections on things above.

MR. HORNCastle.

So I do; and would fain get back again among them, Antony.

LUGWARDINE.

Those are things upon the earth, which must not be suffered to engross our affections. Tell me what is your notion of the second Paradise?

MR. HORNCastle.

I have no notion at all—nor need I have any at all—for we read that never hath it entered into man's heart.

LUGWARDINE.

Its perfection, not its resemblance. We must have some notion, right or wrong, of that which we contemplate, and for which we would prepare.

MR. HORNCastle.

Well, if it is any thing at all like this world down here, a pretty considerable proportion of us are strangely beside, or beyond, our reckoning—and good men too.

LUGWARDINE.

What you say is literally the same as that which I have been endeavouring to teach these philosophers. Thank you for your concurrence. In a few words, the whole argument is summed up; and a better compendium would be impossible.

MR. HORNCastle.

Didst tell them that, according to thy philosophy, all things and places stand bottom upwards—that a man must needs go down, like a collier, in search of Paradise?

LUGWARDINE.

Mr. Horncastle talks with more levity than I could have expected.

MR. HORNCastle.

Well then, I will repent. It is written that “excellent speech becometh not a fool,” and therefore it was the more to my displeasure that thou didst speak so wisely. But Paradise was not the name given by thee to this place when we first entered it?

LUGWARDINE.

Nor is it now. Yet as far as relates to our own notions of enjoyment, before they had been contaminated by avarice or vanity, we may find in it almost every thing we ever wished for, hoped for, or prayed for. The reward of labour is ease, of care is peace, of self-denial is fruition: and here are such luxuries without toil, such opulence and grandeur without anxiety, as no monarch, while he continues upon earth, ever will possess. Bartholomew Horncastle shall be the proprietor, if he please, of more and finer gold, of larger and brighter jewels, than any other living man. He shall breathe a sweeter air, look upon a fairer prospect, watch and sleep under a costlier canopy. Clothed daily with fresh raiment suited to the climate, and supplied profusely with delicious food inexhaustible in its variety, there shall be no restrictions on his freedom. He may say what he thinks, go where he pleases, take any thing he desires. Exempt from losses, casualties, disappointments, perplexities; and no longer requiring my intervention, he shall soon converse as their companion with the wisest and the greatest men ever yet seen upon the earth's surface. My friend did almost confess that Rome is nobler than Castleton. Is not the prospect before us as pleasant as that from my bay-window at Hayfield?

MR. HORNCASTLE.

I judge not—and I have half a mind to tell thee why. These old philosophers know no more what to

think about such fancies, than a cow knows how to spy at the moon through a telescope—so there is but little fear of blabbing. We should not have been so well acquainted, Antony, if thy bay-window at Hayfield had commanded any other prospect. While sitting there, all our talk may have been about mines and lead-veins; but not quite all my thoughts. Peradventure the smoke rising from a chimney-pot hard by Whiteford mill—or the pigeons racing home together and lighting upon the dove-house roof, recommended thy long stories about Smyrna and Corfu. While the rain was falling an hour ago, I could partly believe that I had, in the haze before me, what I valued quite as much as all those precious things put together, with thy wisdom, and the philosopher's wisdom, thrown in to boot. But neither of us will ever look that way again! If we had remained in the upper world, I might not have told thee that, while folk thought I had business enough upon my hands for two or three, many an hour have I watched from under Samuel Romell's cart hovel, whether haply the house door down stream would open, and somebody come out, carrying her bonnet in her hand, either to feed the swans, or to sit awhile upon the green bench. But, prithee, let us be gone. It is passing sultry up here since the rain. I feel as hot now, as if in both Indies at the same time."

We rose in haste, ostensibly that we might return, but really that the blushes which more than restored Mr. Horncastle's faded complexion might escape remark. This was the first syllable about love, as such, which ever dropped from him in all our inter-

course ; and I doubt whether he had been much more communicative on the subject to Joanna than to me. Matrimony was quite another affair : its arrangements might be discussed as easily as the question, whether her father's mill pool should be let dry next year, or a larger hopper should supersede the old one. Even when death, as he believed, was under our boat in the cavern, and our boat was sinking, he took out the watch-paper secretly, kissed it furtively, and replaced it without a word. But now, notwithstanding some remaining asperity, sickness has introduced tenderness, and we are farther removed, than at that time, into another world.

CHAPTER IV.

HARDLY had we begun our descent, or the glow of such a confession had disappeared from Bartholomew's cheeks, when we were stopped and confronted by Cicero with three patrician associates whom I had not yet seen. Mr. Horncastle indeed, though confronted, could not be stopped; but returning Cicero's salutation with the civil assurance that he *wished him well*, he strode down hill, now even more desirous of disencumbering himself from my society than from theirs. Cicero told me that Atticus had accompanied Alexander and Aristotle on their return to Athens; that Cæsar had accepted their invitation and was preparing for the same journey; that instead of these, I beheld three illustrious Romans, L. L. Lucullus, M. Cato. and his own brother, Q. Cicero. He also said that the explanation which he had promised to the people assembled in the forum, on my first appearance among them, would be given by him almost immediately; that my presence there was necessary; but that he and his companions wished for some more accurate knowledge respecting two or three preparatory particulars. It seems that they had been directed by Sosthenes to the hill-top in search of me. Cato appeared very unwilling to part with Mr. Horncastle. He commanded me to stop him and bring him back. Learning, as my excuse, that such detention could answer no useful purpose, since there was no common

language; and that, in the maintenance of his liberty my conscientious friend felt not less pertinacious than M. Cato himself, whom he otherwise very greatly resembled, the philosopher became less eager for his acquaintance. "One such is enough," said he; "let him go." Bartholomew turned not his head, neither caring nor knowing that three Roman consuls, two of whom had been saluted as Imperator, and had been preceded by fasces wreathed with laurel, were watching his progress down the hill.

The person of Lucullus was bulky, stately, full-fronted, yet highly aristocratic, bearing as much dignity and authority as may consist with good-nature. Q. Cicero resembled his brother in features and complexion; but notwithstanding that the less intellectual character of his countenance was agreeably compensated by its frankness, I could hardly forget the base and cruel desertion which cast upon a life otherwise honourable so dark a stain. His silence, and the reverential watchfulness with which his own eyes followed the orator's, reminded me that, in this world, nothing can be forgotten. Cato differed from my preconception so widely that he seemed to disclaim his own name. There was neither the rusticity nor the austerity in that very prepossessing face, which I had expected. He always spoke, indeed, with decision, not as if entitled to pre-eminence among such associates, but because the tone had become inveterately characteristic. He seemed otherwise polite, and in his manner toward Cicero, even deferential. His deportment gave me the notion of a Lord Chief Justice conversing with the Prime Min-

ister and the Commander-in-Chief; men whose abilities were confessedly greater than his own, more highly appreciated for acuteness, eloquence, and even for learning, but less habitually sedate. Addressed even toward myself, his words, deliberately as he pronounced them, were not disputatious, the tone was not arrogant, and the countenance appeared kind as well as calm. They sufficiently disproved the calumny, published if not invented by Cæsar, that Cato had passed through a sieve his brother's ashes in search of molten gold and silver ornaments, so profusely lavished by other people, on the funeral pile. Political hatred, however studiously educated in our own age, has learnt nothing more malignant than this.

While we walked leisurely down the uninhabited side of those hills first described by me, Cicero restated our interrupted and adjourned discussions. He disentangled the principal misapprehensions which so greatly discouraged me; but even still, there was very little more than an imperfect agreement between us. Who ever yet fully and adequately interpreted another man's opinions? Surely we might learn to feel less confident and dogmatical about them. There is, at best, either a print from a picture, or a picture from a print; either much more colour than in the original, or much less. And yet we are all critically refined while we delineate the thoughts, tempers, motives, and characteristics of men, about whom nothing else is known to us than the representations with their commentaries, given by other men no juster than ourselves, and often not better informed.

At length, arriving at the river's margin, and reclining among flowers by those pellucid waters which had conducted my companion and myself to another world and almost to a different existence, it was required that I should abridge the moral principles of our Christian faith. There was the same urbane attention in my hearers as before, but less eagerness of curiosity, and I thought, at the conclusion, no scepticism at all.

Mr. Horncastle had departed, and therefore did I engage this second time in a philosophical disputation, with more confidence and better success, by the
FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

CHAPTER V.

As soon as I had finished my synopsis, Lucullus said, " You make unnecessary apologies for the disciples of this strange religion. Their highest merit is, that they follow its instructions no farther than they please. Having undertaken what is impracticable, they throw the burden from off their shoulders and walk away. It is, they think, less disrespectful to retire than to rebel. Cato may become your confederate both against them and me ; for he always followed, step by step, behind those convictions which he calls his principles. So, indeed, did I ; but then it was my conviction that we should yield, not only as soon as we are overcome, but often preventively before."

CATO.

Showing so much precaution, Lucullus might as well defer his treaty with these new allies, who know how to disencumber themselves of their obligations thus pleasantly, till he shall have learnt something more about them. They must not covet nor accumulate, says their religion. They must rest content with a reasonable sufficiency, be their opportunities what they may. They must pass their lives in diligent preparation for a happier world. But professing the utmost respect for such a system, they refuse

their submission to it. The theory, they tell us, is wise and good; their acquiescence practically would be inconvenient and distasteful. My disagreement with Lucullus is, that he would resist the obligation, confessing it to be one. I would recommend that these Christians should disclaim both. What other opinions can be more mischievous to their commonwealth? If universally adopted, their world, inhabited by drones only, would become a great hive without honey. Men should labour zealously for the community, strenuously for their friends, and sufficiently for themselves. As these people seem to have become wiser than the requirements of their philosophy, why should they retain it? No excuse is ever needed for the rejection of laws inconsistent with the public welfare.

LUGWARDINE.

I should not fear to accept this maxim as the criterion of ours. But we must first determine what is to be understood by the public welfare. Our religion not only permits zealous labour for the community, strenuous labour for our friends and families, and sufficient labour for our own future ease, but it forbids idleness, commends diligence, requires from all men those habits both of thought and practice which will make them useful, and keep them honest. If we were all good and wise, or in other words, if we were all practically as well as theoretically Christians, there could be no opposition between interests private and public, personal and patriotic.

To make us all good and wise is the business of our religion; which cannot postpone this its chief purpose for any subordinate one. What would Cato wish me to understand by the public good? Is it the welfare of our country?

CATO.

Besides its peace and happiness, or rather in defence of them, its power, its stability, its high position comparatively with other countries surrounding it, and hostile to it. Power may not be essential to peace, or order, or happiness; but without its protection, they must be lost. The warrior's armour, though an incumbrance inconsistent with his ease, is indispensable to his safety. For the commonwealth, you wish strength, courage, riches, and sometimes even domination, because, in the absence of these, it would be insulted, invaded, enslaved. You wish these things defensively, at least; not because they are so valuable as peace, but because peace, liberty, safety, and independent existence, would otherwise perish. He who lives among robbers, should bar his gates, and not less carefully sharpen his sword. Unless you Englishmen can contrive to keep abreast, at least, of rival and envious nations, how is it that you are not all slaves?

LUGWARDINE.

We have kept, not abreast but ahead. I understand the tendency of this argument. If the eager-

ness for gain manifested so irreligiously by individuals among us, the activity of selfishness, the appetency of ambition, the restlessness of rivalry, do increase the public wealth, extend the national power, and, comparatively with other countries, give us a political ascendancy, should they be decried as evil? Should our morals and our religion be arrayed in opposition to the national welfare? You may tell me that Rome established not her supremacy by listening to the poets while they sang of peace, or to the rhetoricians while they declaimed about contentment; yet that if considered irrespectively of other nations, the poets and the rhetoricians were quite right. We Englishmen, while coveting and accumulating for ourselves, have gained and saved for the community. Our personal ambition, vicious as it often is, and the irritable discontent which struggles so pruriently to embrace something higher, quicken the national energies, and render one million thus alert, more than equal to two or three millions stagnant in their tranquillity. If therefore, by the public good, we would signify our national wealth and strength, our safety and dignity as a commonwealth, no doubt the irreligious passions of individuals — ambition, covetousness, discontent, and pride — must promote it.

CATO.

Do not the interests of the republic transmute the passions and appetites by which so much good is obtained for it, into virtues as well as benefits? Is your religion opposed to the national welfare, de-

nouncing energies which extend your power, fortify your independence, and even guarantee your safety?

LUGWARDINE.

I should have felt less amazement if this question had been proposed by any other person. The welfare of a nation may be promoted, its power extended, its independence fortified, its safety guaranteed, by tyranny, cruelty, rapacity, and almost all those impious passions which have disturbed mankind, if directed skilfully against another nation. A great conqueror ruins and enslaves two or three peaceful and inoffensive countries to enrich his own. Unquestionably the welfare of Macedonia was promoted by the subjugation of Greece. But our religion has no partialities. She will not take sides with England or with any other nation, against the rest of the world, conforming her morals through favouritism. She considers nothing as good, which is not essentially, universally, irrespectively, immutably, unconditionally such. What in any case is right or wrong, must in every case be good or evil. The interests of a community may be opposed to the happiness of mankind; and all history teaches us that two communities may have conflicting or antagonistic interests. Laws from heaven must be observed by us independently of any other consequences than the divine approbation or disapprobation; because there are none other so momentous. Each minding his own business, should leave to God the government of the universe. Every man has his fractional part, the

commonwealth has no more than its integral part, — the supreme intellect sums up all.

CATO.

Which would follow, his approbation or disapprobation, if an entire life were spent in accumulating riches, honestly as well as eagerly, for the public benefit?

LUGWARDINE.

Unless some other and more imperative obligation were set aside for this, the motive would be good, and a good motive must be approved.

CATO.

Does not your religion determine your own merits by the merits of what you do?

LUGWARDINE.

Rather by the motives through which it was undertaken. I must have a sufficient authority for what I do.

CATO.

The good motive is the sufficient authority.

LUGWARDINE.

No doubt. But what motive is good?

CATO.

The best of all is the interest of the republic.

LUGWARDINE.

In that case, I might kill a fellow citizen, as Milo did, because the republic would remain safer and happier without him; or because his children, like himself, would, under his tuition, become public pests; or even because the treasury would be benefited by the sequestration of his riches.

CATO.

If the laws were impotent, and there were no one else who would kill him, why not?

LUGWARDINE.

Once more, I appeal to Cæsar.

CICERO.

He will determine that you have slid imperceptibly into another argument.

LUGWARDINE.

Resuming and, as I am tired of it, concluding the former one, let me say once more that our religion prohibits a covetous anxiety about money, or honour, or pleasure, or anything else; yet that it permits reasonable vigilance and industry for our friends, our families, and ourselves. Till it shall demand the relinquishment of our possessions and affections, we may safely retain both. If, like the first disciples of our faith, we do willingly whatsoever we may be

engaged to do, their example is sufficiently respected by us. Domesticated as we now are, our obligations, so far, differ from theirs; and it is through industry that we must pursue virtue. Our great hive would be the better for its labours, even though the honey which had been collected there were stolen away. But surely such words as *excess* or *intemperance* explain themselves, and any apology for them, by changing their sense, is the abuse of language.

CATO.

There is at last, then, nothing like novelty in this new system. When explained, its conclusion has a ready acquiescence from all the wisest men and the best. As a divine law is not within our cognisance, at present we must be silent about the sanction of which you tell us.

LUGWARDINE.

I have no wish for any other description of it. Cato has summed up the whole of my reasonings and explanations in half a dozen words. I ever represented it as the consummation of wisdom and virtue, attested and enjoined by a divine authority.

CHAPTER VI.

CATO.

SINCE your revolt from Rome, do you retain any of her institutions?

LUGWARDINE.

Our policy is that of a commonwealth.

CATO.

A republic?

LUGWARDINE.

Yes, a democracy.

CATO.

Have you no Senate?

LUGWARDINE.

We have two Senates.

CATO.

Is neither of them aristocratic?

LUGWARDINE.

One of them is exclusively aristocratic. The other represents the people by more than six hundred tribunes.

LUCULLUS.

Six hundred tribunes required as deputies or advocates to defend the people against your Patricians !

LUGWARDINE.

O, no ! the people, legislating by their tribunes, regulate every thing as they please.

LUCULLUS.

Then of what use is your hereditary Senate ?

LUGWARDINE.

It checks and moderates popular excess : it interposes its forms, and thus gains time for deliberation : it ventilates every proposed law, exposing the deficiencies, correcting the incongruities, making us better acquainted with the probable effects. Commonly, it enlightens us, sometimes it dissuades us. Claiming a right to resist, to delay, to reconsider, and even to reject, when the people are not much exasperated by their tribunes, it withstands their will. The people, knowing that there is no danger of any final or permanent opposition to their pleasure, endure such cautious, and often salutary, hesitation with patience enough. They almost always treat this senate more respectfully than their own. And thus enjoying the right, not only to retard, but to reject a law, our patricians hardly ever venture so far, unless the popular will is either divided or unascertained.

CICERO.

Only because their power is too unequal for rivalry, are these two senates restrained from alternate encroachments? The aristocratic senate complains, and protests, and remonstrates, but seldom resists, and never long? Having every thing they wish, and doing every thing they please, the people are content? Alas, we quite overlooked this simple method of maintaining peace!

LUGWARDINE.

On the contrary, their discontent is always found to increase proportionably with their power. We are hardly less noisy than you were; but our contentions stop short of blows. Cato was wounded and almost murdered in the forum. Lucullus barely escaped similar brutalities, by retiring into a splendid privacy. Cicero was constrained to fly from the city which he had adorned so long and preserved so recently, leaving his house in flames. Even in their excesses, so comparatively temperate are our people, that out of three or four hundred patricians, in a commonwealth scarcely less clamorous, only one has ever even suspected that his safety might be endangered through political enmities. They have no small influence, indirectly exercised, even among the tribunes. They are often stronger in the popular senate than in their own. Now and then, the people take sides against their representatives, by giving greater authority to the patricians.

CICERO.

Here is, indeed, a proof of high civilisation for which I was ill prepared. Perhaps, as was the case with us, many of these tribunes are from noble families?

LUGWARDINE.

In some instances, they are hardly less richly endowed, or nobly born, than the hereditary senators, thus constituting a subordinate Aristocracy. Nevertheless our Plebeians exercise the right to treat their own servants as they think proper, instructing them, admonishing them, threatening them, reviling them, and not unfrequently dismissing them. We have no slaves beside these. All power is in the people. We talk, indeed, of three estates; but there never has been any other commonwealth so essentially popular. For the king——

CATO.

The what?

LUCULLUS.

Did he say the king?

CICERO.

A king in a democracy?

Q. CICERO.

He has slipped at last! From the extremity of his haste, I expected so much.

LUGWARDINE.

Yes, the king ; for our government is monarchical. The next sovereign will be a queen exercising her authority by the grace of God, and with the affectionate concurrence of her People.

CICERO.

If Aristotle were not so far advanced on his way to Athens, I would recall him. But we must wait. What a valuable addition may be made to his treatise on policy by these kings, queens, monarchies, republics, democracies, in the same country at the same time ! Do you elect your king ?

LUGWARDINE.

No. His title is hereditary. As he claims it by divine appointment, the people do not elect him, but they accept him : they are asked whether they will have him.

CICERO.

How if he should tire them, or displease them ?

LUGWARDINE.

If a little only, they would do as most of them now do with their wives, grumble and endure—if much, as Cicero did with his wife, exchange him for another.

CICERO.

This is treating a divine appointment with no very superstitious respect. Then the people govern their king?

LUGWARDINE.

To be sure they do, sometimes despotically; but for the most part, with becoming moderation.

CATO.

How could either folly or madness have travelled so far unguided? Yet if this man be not a fool, he must be mad!

CICERO.

Often as he slips down among the thorns and thistles of inconsistency, no one ever equalled his alertness in scrambling up again. You will find that he is soon upon his feet. How can your king rule over the people, while the people rule over your king?

LUGWARDINE.

It appears to us, from habit perhaps, that nothing is so easy.

CICERO.

You rule by turns, a day or a month each? No! what share, then, has your king in the sovereignty?

LUGWARDINE.

He builds fleets, levies armies, appoints ambassadors, summons and dismisses his two senates. He proclaims war, concludes peace, contracts alliances. He adds as many as he will to his nobles and his counsellors. He alone can confer honour, inflict disgrace, punish crime. All offices of profit in the state, all distinction and authority, are at his disposal. The judges, the magistrates, the ministers of law and equity, are commissioned by his warrant. So are the chief priests. From a lord lieutenant to a parish constable, from the highest place in his courts to the most distant corner in his colonies, all offices and officers are his. The very greatest among us are his servants; as for the rest, whether men, women, or children, they are his subjects.

CHAPTER VII.

CICERO.

STOP, while I point out a novelty to Lucullus ! He has not seen M. Cato so much astonished and confounded in nineteen hundred years.

LUGWARDINE.

Is it astonishing that the people, for their better government, should delegate power ? Inartificially, and permit me to add barbarously, complex as appear many of your own political institutions, such was the case in Rome.

CICERO.

Our sagacity was insufficient to discover how sovereign power thus despotic could be regulated or counteracted ; how kingly authority employed in commanding armies, constructing fleets, contracting alliances, proclaiming war, and administering justice, could exist in a democracy. Let us understand by what method this dictator of yours is rendered at the same time so useful and so harmless ?

LUGWARDINE.

Ours is a republic, a commonwealth, in most of its characteristics a democracy. The will of the people alone is absolute, yet have we a king. Since the world

began, there never has been any other country so free, or where opinion is so powerful. The king governs his subjects, but neither in their persons nor their properties can he harm them. Were he to take my goods, or interfere with my liberty, or speak injuriously of my character, I would sue him in his own court, demanding satisfaction from judges seated on their tribunals by his own appointment.

CATO.

His judges would punish your audacity, and every one else laugh at it.

LUGWARDINE.

They would feel the more satisfaction, because I was otherwise powerless, in awarding to me the justice I required. They are as incapable of fear, of favour, of prejudice, of partiality, as was Cato himself. Though they need no such superintendency, the whole nation watches them. But more than this, the king would be first and readiest to indemnify my sufferings. It could only be through some misapprehension that he had inflicted the injustice which his better instructed knowledge must hasten to repair.

LUCILIUS.

Are all your sovereigns so equitable? A kingly government which is hereditary must take the chances of succession. Suppose that your throne were

occupied by some such a monarch as Tigranes, or, if you prefer a Roman, as M. Antonius?

LUGWARDINE.

We should tame him, as other wild beasts are tamed, by giving him nothing to eat.

CICERO.

With all these fleets and armies, servants and subjects, would he be content to fast? Might he not take from you what he pleased?

LUGWARDINE.

These instruments have been tried, in former ages, again and again. During the two or three last, they never could accomplish anything more successfully than the ruin of those who used them. Armies and navies are themselves subsisted by the sovereign people, of whom soldiers and sailors are a portion clothed, fed, and recompensed as the other portion shall please. Attempts to separate and oppose these two bodies have always resulted in the loss of a crown, at least. We retain absolute power over the king's kitchen, his larder, his cellar, his wardrobe, his stable, all his men and maid servants, but especially his cook.

CATO.

There is wisdom in subjecting this power to its appetite, and its appetite to your will. Yet it appears

that the taming by hunger could not be perfected without some angry commotions, lost heads, subverted thrones, and perhaps ruined adherents?

LUGWARDINE.

Less blood has been shed among so many millions of men in the two last centuries, than among your own citizens in almost any two years. As for civil wars, proscriptions, rebellions, revolutions, and similar occurrences so common in Rome, no Englishman now alive has ever witnessed anything of the kind, or been taught it by his father. Less than half so many noble heads have fallen in ten generations, as were sacrificed first to the brutality of Marius, next to the retaliation of Sylla, and lastly to the alliance of Octavius Cæsar with M. Antonius. Whether it arise from amazement or disbelief, let me take advantage of this silence to illustrate our constitutional policy. It is not at all paradoxical when even superficially understood. You ask how can the king govern his people, if the people control and overrule their king? Why it signifies little by what name the chief magistrate may be called; and you, when consuls, were not absolute. I wish to gain the acquaintance of Æsop, that he may explain and moralise my meaning by a fable. In Rome, you were, I believe, less accustomed to exemplify truth and argument by some visible image, than were the sages of Asia and the philosophers of Greece; but not many better have reached us, — not any better for the instruction conveyed, — than your rebellious members convinced by the indo-

lent belly. We are still less skilful in such parallels; and I am fearful of asking so much patience as may be needed, if I attempt one thus. Our country is separated into many unequal districts which we call parishes. Every parish has its temple for public worship. Every temple has, or if rich enough, may have, a tower standing high above its roof; and every tower, a clock, a time-measurer, a machine by which the hours are divided into minutes, the minutes numbered and declared. A clock resembles this little instrument with which Cicero is familiar, and which I call my watch; but it is incomparable larger, measuring, perhaps, in diameter, three cubits or three cubits and a half. It indicates the time of day, and it declares the transition from hour to hour by striking upon a bell, thus visibly and audibly proclaiming the same thing. Through long use, it has become indispensable to the regulation of our undertakings and engagements. Your old measurement of time appears to have been less artificial, less exact, and less conspicuous. We can propose to accomplish nothing without the clock. Only at its summons do we rise from sleep, return to rest, eat, drink, labour, play, and visit our friends. Before the servants may be released from their tasks, the children from their teachers, or even the garments from their bodies, the clock must be consulted. Under its sanction are we assembled for worship; weekly by its authority are the temple gates unbarred, the market booths erected, the carrier's cart despatched. He who disputes an oracle so popular as the parish clock, is

suspected of heresy against that catholic agreement and concurrence without which time itself goes wrong. No modest man may contradict this great arbiter of life, otherwise than by supposing the possibility of some slight mistake, not through the clock's irregularity, but his servant's neglect. Rich and poor, wise and foolish, hear his sovereign admonitions every hour that they have their respective duties to consider. Gravest of moralists, loudest of preachers, most inflexible yet most equitable of despots, the clock resides in a lofty place. He reigns supreme over his own church and people, he is sole defender of the parish faith, he is a just yet a paternal king.

But this great sovereign cannot rule without a minister. He would soon neglect his functions, lose his punctuality, and excite much popular dissatisfaction, were it not for the sexton. If the clock govern the parish, the sexton regulates the clock ; makes him go faster when too slow, or slower when too fast ; oils him periodically, and winds him up. A sexton's chief business is, by watching the clock, to please the parish. This functionary is inducted to his office, by a legal fiction, as the clock's servant. It is, indeed, his duty to wait upon the clock ; but it is also his chief study, and daily business to manage his master.

CICERO.

Then not the clock, but the sexton is the king ?

LUGWARDINE.

No. For he is entirely dependent on the churchwardens, the waywardens, the guardian of the poor, the overseer of the poor, the collector of the taxes, the constable, the tithingman, and the other principal inhabitants assembled in what we call their select vestry. They appoint him, they give him his salary; if negligent of his duties and the clock should go amiss, they cashier him. It is considered indecent, as well as unjust, to utter reflexions against the clock himself; therefore they expend their displeasure vicariously on the sexton, whether he be in fault or not. He finds it barely possible to satisfy even his best or oldest friends; and though generally a man recommended for his gravity, the other parishioners take pleasure in treating him with disrespect.

CICERO.

We understand your allegory. The clock is the king, the sexton the minister, and the select vestry consists of the popular tribunes or representatives: but as the sovereign authority resides in this select vestry, however you may apply your names, the royalty also must reside in it.

LUGWARDINE.

Quite otherwise. This vestry chooses the sexton, enforcing his attendance on the clock, which can have no other servant than the one elected and supported by a majority of votes. Active or idle, honest or

knave, as long as they give him a preference, he must retain his place. But then, as the sexton is elected by the vestry, the vestry is elected by the parishioners at large. Its members are no more than deputies with power delegated for a certain time. When it is necessary that they should supplicate a renewal of their office, the parishioners show, more than plainly enough, where all real authority resides, for they hiss them, abuse them, hoot at them, laugh at them, and take the money out of their pockets.

LUCULLUS.

So, then, the people choose the select vestry, the select vestry chooses the sexton, and the sexton regulates the clock. As you say, even the government itself must derive its supremacy from the foundation of your tower.

LUGWARDINE.

And yet the clock maintains its dominion over all; summons the select vestry to its deliberations; startles the sexton if he should fall asleep; controls the parish affairs, by appointing the beginning and the end for each man's business; and loudly, every hour, pronounces its opinion.

CATO.

This would be an admirable system if it were not for its complexity. The strangest part of it is that it should have lasted so long as three months.

LUGWARDINE.

It has grown stronger, and operated with continually increasing regularity, during more than three hundred years. Some derangement will occasionally occur. Twice, in that space, have we exchanged the old clock for a new one; ten times have we reduced its too great noise, and restricted its inordinate consumption of oil. Twenty times have we discharged the sexton, and fifty times dismissed the select vestry; but this is done with less commotion than generally occurred in Rome, every year, at the election of a prætor, or even an edile.

CATO.

Was this political system contrived by your own ingenuity, or did you borrow it from some other nation?

LUGWARDINE.

It was our own; for we are an original people. Other nations have borrowed it ignorantly and imperfectly from us, who, by attempting improvements ill adapted to their characters, have spoilt it. Yet is it very differently estimated even among ourselves. Many citizens are so restless, and others so economical, that, throwing open the vestry doors to all the inhabitants however brutal or beggarly, they would dispense, not only with the clock and its sexton, but with the tower and its temple.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK XII.

Idem ego, cum subii convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

BOOK XII.

CHAPTER I.

IN this huge cauldron called the world, black as it is in some parts and hot everywhere, we find scum enough upon the surface to make us sick, and dregs enough at the bottom. From among its sweltered venom and baboon's blood, there is vapour exhaling at present sufficiently pestiferous to stifle most of the chief cooks. After watching their hell-broth during years of toil and trouble, they are fain to drop the ladles and run away.

There are, however, better ingredients also, if we could but separate them from the rest. You, sir, and I, might be glad of a little peace. What have we to do with riches which may corrupt us ; grandeur, which will provoke men's jealousies against us ; pre-eminence, which is either spat upon by their scorn, or set at nought by their defiance ?

You say, " O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away into the wilderness, and be at peace ! " You sigh for a nest which love has warmed with his own breath, and lined with the down from his own bosom ; for a cottage in a vineyard ; for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers ; for any abiding place, however small, so that it be secret ; however solitary, if it be still.

Well, then, prithee be gone! Who watches thee to hinder thee? Art thou so crippled and tethered by thy necessities to the groundsil edge of want? Is there no rest for thy weariness short of the desert? No pleasant valleys and wholesome waters nearer home? Borrow the dove's gentleness rather than her pinions, her freedom from guile, her innocent desires, and her love of peace. Above all, put away from thee these profitless and fantastic frauds, for whom can they deceive?

That lodge in a garden of cucumbers, is it not Westminster Hall? Those twin cottages to which thou wouldst hie thee from the strife of tongues, are they not built in a wilderness where the hind's calves do bray for lack of meat, and the wild asses cannot quench their thirst?

What hast thou to do with peace? get thee behind me! This disdain of riches — this abhorrence of ambition — why, thou hast lost thy lawsuit — thou hast been refused a place — the sheriff's officers are upon thy back! Truly, thou art become a Christian in much sanctity of spirit, and a Philosopher at the very nick of time!

CHAPTER II.

WHILE reclining under the branches to which Bartholomew and myself had been so filially indebted for food and shelter, as infants newly born into another world, we were repeatedly interrupted by the approach of loiterers among these groves, like ourselves. Some of them walked singly and thoughtfully; but the greater part with two or three companions. Quick as were their senses, they could neither look through the shadow of such large leaves, nor distinguish our voices from among the water's murmur. Their light footsteps approached us, therefore, before we had been heard; but I remarked the reverential haste in which they were always withdrawn. Had our little party been a symposiack of kings, there could have appeared no greater trepidation among their courtiers, if intruding accidentally and inopportunately. Some slight inclination of the head recognised, rather than welcomed, the intruder; but a salutation far more respectful replied to it. Except the illustrious through knowledge, or genius, or patriotism — through noble thoughts or glorious achievements — no man had entrance there; nevertheless not one person seen by me approached either Cato or Cicero with the familiarity of an equal. Here, at least, and here for ever, they are honoured as the least selfish promoters of their country's glory, and the holiest martyrs to her freedom. However

impatient to learn the names of some who thus passed by us, I sympathised in the same awe with so much veneration as subdued my curiosity. Even the preternatural novelty of my presence detained these well-bred wanderers no longer than was necessary for one inquisitive and very earnest look. Our discussion was recommenced by Lucullus thus : —

LUCULLUS.

That lofty tower which you have described seems to consist of many stories? There may be, perhaps, five or six chambers between the lowest and the highest? Tyranny stands the most securely where, with the fewest possible intermediate materials, there is the widest base and the lightest summit. But dismissing your allegory, and preferring another figure still more commonly used by us because more generally applicable, a republic is no longer healthy than while its superior and inferior members are not disproportioned to its centre. Interposed between them, the body should be, in size, much more considerable than the head; yet not too heavy or bulky for the legs and feet. Without perplexing ourselves by more distinctions than are necessary, let us suppose that your king and his nobles constitute the higher extremity. Your husbandmen, tradesmen, artisans, with their servants and labourers, the lower. What have you between?

CICERO.

There must be some influence sufficient to dissuade

till it can disarm power, to abate till it can extinguish passion ; some principle, unknown in our age, which melts, or rather fuses your incongruities, and reconciles interests otherwise opposed. Is it your religion ?

LUGWARDINE.

How does it happen that Cicero should wonder at those constitutional restrictions and modifications among us, which he himself represented as so wise a part of your own republic before luxury had corrupted, or kings enslaved it ? He tells us that, from Romulus, the Roman government was monarchical, aristocratical, and popular ; that power rested with the people, for that their kings were elected by them. Fortunately, we still retain a fragment of his opinion pronounced with unusual formality. “ I determine,” says he, “ that the republic thus constituted is the best.” Appeals were made from the judgment of the king to the justice of the people. Nay, we have a still earlier authority than this. The regal government of Athens, as it was constituted by Theseus, derived its rights, as well as its honours, from the citizens. We imitate the two greatest and most enlightened nations of mankind when they were the least corrupt.

CICERO.

I did not tell you that, after having given such imperious authority as you have described, our ancestors knew how to control it, or to take it away.

I did not tell you that either of these monarchical republics remained such after more than three hundred years. To discover and recommend some power which could resist regal usurpations on one side, and popular excesses on the other, was the first wish of my life, and its chief business. Again I ask, whether this influence is derived from your religion?

LUGWARDINE.

Religion operates by subtile and imperceptible agencies, even on those who neither obey it nor believe in it. It supplies the atmosphere of our morality, which men must breathe while they continue to live among us. Hardly can the outlaws from society create for themselves another. No mind was ever yet so absolute in its originality as to remain uncoloured by the hues reflected from other minds, however much fainter and feebler they were than its own. There is no man who would have been such as he is in another age. As religion appoints the balances, she determines the weights; if we have any dealings with our neighbours, we must refer to them. I cannot make a parade of my malignity while you are so equitable and forbearing. Your moderation reproves and represses my insolence; and afterwards this constrained complacency operates on twenty other persons. In an orderly assemblage, no man ventures to indulge his domestic brutalities. Mysterious is the influence of numbers; as if thought and judgment could gain strength through combination. We are awed before a multitude, though we know that not

one individual is contained in it whom we need either fear or respect. So many brazen drachmas become, by accumulation, equivalent to a silver talent. Our atheists are proud of such sincerity and sobriety in their deportment as that you might mistake them for Christians. The leaven of religion penetrates the whole loaf even to its crust. Thus do right opinions travel from lip to lip, and nobler or kinder affections from heart to heart.

CATO.

Let us understand the kind of rectitude to which you pretend?

LUGWARDINE.

Cicero will not again accuse me of intentional deceptions through partiality to my own age. He remembers the punishment I hazarded by speaking so plainly, and, as he supposed, so inconsistently, of its vices, excesses, and impieties. Let me now say of my countrymen that no other people, equally advanced in what we call civilisation, was ever so just, or rather so desirous of justice. This reservation is not paradoxical, for you were yourselves the least unjust when you were the most uncivilised. We must distinguish between small, remote, unmixed, unregarded communities, and our twenty British millions surpassing the rest of mankind in wealth and power, wealth to stimulate arrogance, and power to gratify it. Endless are the instances in which we have acted inequitably, perhaps even tyrannically.

But as far as the people are concerned, they generally went wrong through misapprehension, through some fallacy practised, or some passion inflamed by their leaders, and rarely through design. In our maritime colonies we have compelled the masters to release their slaves,—slaves purchased, at first, with more than the public connivance. But we have also taxed ourselves heavily and permanently, though not adequately, to indemnify the masters. Large as they are, we have never justified our conquests by the prerogative which power exercises over weakness, as you did when Metellus conquered Crete. Our enemies will persist in disbelieving this love of equity ; and so far their scepticism is excusable, they cannot feel it or therefore comprehend it. But it is necessary that the people should be deceived before they will concur in such usurpation or oppression as flatters and fortifies their own greatness. There is not one statesman in England who dares to propose an iniquitous acquisition, confessing that it is such. Every hour do we question ourselves or one-another, whether the enterprise contemplated be right and fair as well as profitable. Our legislators, the patricians and tribunes, are obliged to assume these plausibilities if they would gain the popular consent. Hence is it that ambition has so few partisans. We have demagogues enough ; but the word justice, in some or other of its varieties, comprises their whole vocabulary. Our people would not have followed Marius in his cruelties, Sylla in his revenge, or even Cæsar in his usurpation. The Gracchi they might have followed—because, whatever the motive which suggested their enterprises,

or however mischievous would have been the accomplishment of them, the plea appeared to be just. We have no interest in the projects of tyranny, no pleasure in such spectacles as mutilated or decapitated bodies, no sympathy with Clodius or Catiline, Pompeius or Antonius.

CHAPTER III

CATO.

HAVE you any order of men corresponding with our knights?

LUGWARDINE.

Those who the most nearly resemble what your knights were before Sylla had so greatly restricted their judicial powers, and placed them as assessors only to the judges, we call justices of the peace. For they must possess property, or appear to possess it. Whether they wear rings on their fingers or otherwise, during the exercise of their functions they must be creditably clothed. It is not required by the laws that each of them should keep a horse; but something equivalent is expected by custom. I remember that Cicero was a knight, and that Cn. Pompeius was yet no more than a knight, after twenty victories. Some of our justices are as rich as either; others are so poor that neither their rings, nor their robes, nor their horses' bridles, are ever paid for.

CATO.

Have you no censors, then, or are they as negligent as we were?

LUGWARDINE.

These justices are our censors.

CATO.

What are their powers ?

LUGWARDINE.

They hear complaints, interfere in quarrels, receive accusations, issue summonses and warrants, imprison offenders, examine witnesses, and, by penalties or securities, constrain contentious persons to respect the peace. Judging summarily whether the accused be guilty in graver matters, they consign men to gaol during four, five, or six months, awaiting there a more formal trial at a loftier tribunal.

CICERO.

During four, five, or six months before the trial ? Powers greater than these were seldom exercised by our prætors or proconsuls after one. It may, indeed, be difficult to dispense with such justices among so energetic a people. Magistrates, of some kind or other, must act for the public security ; and if wisely selected, the most prompt, sometimes perhaps even the most severe, are the best. No doubt, such lovers of justice and liberty as you Christians are, take all possible precautions against abuse ? After careful investigation, you pick out from among the rest men well qualified for an office so momentous ; ascertaining their wisdom, their impartiality, their self-control, their disinterestedness, their legal knowledge ? Who appoints these justices — does the king ?

LUGWARDINE.

Virtually the lord lieutenant, who recommends them to the lord chancellor.

CICERO.

What is this lord lieutenant?

LUGWARDINE.

An officer acting in the king's name, who probably has never conversed with, never looked at, and till then never heard of, this his subordinate over whom he has no future control. Hardly one justice in ten has paid the smallest preparatory attention to those laws which he will soon administer. There is not even such superficial knowledge communicated to him as might have been acquired from your sophists and rhetoricians. He is subject to no tuition, no probation; and as there are no means of ascertaining his proficiency in legal learning, or even in personal respectability, we seldom look for either. His studies begin with his duties, or rather after them; and the very little which he ever knows, he learns from the exposure of his own blunders. It is the lord lieutenant's business to ascertain that the quantity of land possessed by him is sufficient for a horse, a servant, a ring, and a good suit of clothes, but the land may be mortgaged and the horse borrowed. The quality of his brains and his morals is better determined by those unjustly accused persons who, after spending four, five, or six months in prison, are released at last because they cannot be convicted. For

unless this diminutive king have acted corruptly or maliciously, — and such proof is unattainable in any case without the expenditure of much money, — a poor man's liberty may be lost, his hopes blasted, his family ruined, and his character rendered infamous. He has no redress.

CATO.

Surely you do not imprison a citizen during four, five, or six months preparatory to his trial? If an innocent man may be thus punished, what sort of retribution do you inflict upon the guilty?

LUGWARDINE.

Nothing is more common than four, five, or six months' imprisonment in our provincial gaols before the superior judges can find time to hold their session, and the guilt or innocence can be ascertained.

CATO.

If this guilt be falsely imputed, the innocent man is punished — for what? If the superior judge, and the more deliberate inquiry should determine that he is innocent, what indemnification does he receive?

LUGWARDINE.

Not even the public sympathy. We all dread and distrust an acquitted felon. No proof of his innocence can restore to him his character. He leaves his fetters behind him, but he retains their

infamy. Yet our justice of the peace, always liable to partake in the local passions by which he is surrounded, may thus lawfully punish any poor man whatever, provided there be a resolute and unscrupulous accuser.

CATO.

With what degree of patience are such outrages against decency endured by your citizens?

LUGWARDINE.

Justice, in all ages and countries, is regulated by the public temper far more effectually than by either the legislator's wisdom or the magistrate's equity. Other of our institutions are theoretically little less revolting than this. But we have methods by which the public attention can be directed to wanton tyranny, and the universal indignation loudly expressed. The popular mind is now too strong for such practical abuses as were every day witnessed carelessly by yourselves. Greater outrages and cruelties were perpetrated during the three years' administration of Verres in so small an island as Sicily, than have been either imputed or suspected among us since the present century began.

LUCULLUS.

Leaving your subordinate magistrates, and ascending from the laws to the propounders of them, — the king and his double senate — what is it which moderates the ambitious among you, or else resists

and overrules them? Even from such dwarf briars as these provincial justices, the thorns are partly rubbed away by continual attrition against public dislike, or else they are trampled into harmlessness by hoofs still harder than themselves. Religion has its influences, and, subordinate to it, this national sense of justice. Is there anything else?

LUGWARDINE.

Yes. That power which awakens public attention, at the same moment, from one end of England to the other, and directs the universal indignation against injustice, can collect the national will; can moderate presumptuous hopes by exposing and denouncing them; can resist the most daring in their insolence, and overrule the most criminal in their audacity.

CHAPTER IV.

CICERO.

BEFORE such a people the laws may speak with sufficient distinctness, though they only whisper. But setting aside these justices, by whose ignorance and partiality they must be often abused, with what ceremonies are they administered at the higher tribunals? You spoke of judges who more formally and deliberately examine the evidence, and either confirm or annul what the justices have done. They are not appointed, you say, by the people, or the senate, but by the king?

LUGWARDINE.

All power speaks in his name; and more especially the judicial power. Other officers are his servants, his deputies, his executors,—the judges are his representatives. Clothing them with his majesty, he places them upon his seat. Officially, or, as we call it, constitutionally, he is himself the dispenser of justice: but this obligation cannot be discharged otherwise than vicariously among eighteen or twenty millions. Your Roman laws gradually became so numerous and contradictory, that six hundred years after Cicero's consulship, they were revised, compressed, digested, explained by commentaries, elucidated by precedents; and by the glosses and interpretations necessary to their simplicity, as much en-

tangled as they had been before. Ours issue from the legislature in such clouds, are enacted in such haste, and repealed or amended with such carelessness, that no man living can tell this year what penalties he may not incur the next, or have escaped the last. The administration of them, therefore, requires a whole life devoted to this single study. A judge cannot be elected, like your republican candidates, from any who may offer themselves of sufficient age, dignity, and reputation. He must have been educated expressly for this office. His earlier life, even to its decline, must have been spent in obtaining the preparatory qualifications. Unlike the justices, he must have directed his studies assiduously and exclusively to law as his profession. He cannot preside as prætor in his court to-day, and command an army, or set out for the government of a province, to-morrow.

CATO.

You tell us that it is the king who appoints these judges, and that they are the king's representatives. If so, must they not do, however unjustly, what the king requires? And yet you also tell us that, perhaps, they might so scrupulously respect justice, as to decide against the king's wishes or interests, in your favour?

LUGWARDINE.

The king selects and commissions them; the people feed them. As soon as he has seated them upon his

bench, they are exempt from his authority; they are protected by the tribunes from his interference; they are become so majestically like himself, that only the entire nation, speaking by its representatives, can displace them.

CATO.

Has the king no power over his own shadow?

LUGWARDINE.

I accept the illustration. As you are even still substantial enough to create something like a shadow, what power have you over yours? It cannot exist without you, or apart from you; but you are unable either to drive it away or take it away. By no other means can you get rid of its presence than by retirement into the shade. Close as it is to you, try if you can harm it or touch it.

LUCULLUS.

These judicial shadows have sufficient substantiality to eat and drink, it seems. No system was ever so simple, or, judging by analogy, so salutary. Your Solons and Numas must have adjusted the political body by what they had observed in the animal. Here is something closer than allegory. Power is directed, encouraged, invigorated, by feeding it: power is checked, reduced, subdued, annihilated, by starving it. When you desire to reform your republic, you have only to reprimand or dismiss your cooks. The

wisdom of your statesmen may be guided by the skill of your apothecaries, and even justice regulated by the pulse. We spoke about the centre of this powerful commonwealth. It appears little else than one great stomach. Happily, the head may be cooled, and the other members tamed into propriety by depletion. The safest remedy for national offences would be a general fast.

LUGWARDINE.

It is the one we apply.

CICERO.

Do your suitors plead their own causes, or place themselves under the patronage of noble advocates?

LUGWARDINE.

There is the same necessity for learning in the advocate as in the judge: and no man can become a judge unless he have first, and for a long time, sharpened his ability as an advocate. This is the profession which, in its jealousy, repudiates every other pursuit. But its rewards are in proportion to its labours and restrictions. Our advocates are permitted, both by custom and the laws, to receive a recompence for what they do. Patronage, in your sense of the word, belongs rather to the suitor than to the pleader, for it is the suitor who imposes the obligation by preferring one aspirant from among a hundred. He and his advocate seldom have had any previous

acquaintance: when the cause is at an end, there is an end to their intercourse.

CICERO.

Having been a member of what Lucullus would describe as this corporate fraternity, I rejoice to hear that you do not also starve the advocates.

LUGWARDINE.

They starve one another. Like too many fish in a pool, the greater leave nothing eatable for the less.

CATO.

You were asked whether they permit their clients to assist them by pleading in self-defence?

LUGWARDINE.

Not one suitor in a hundred is qualified to do so, even imperfectly. He feels either destitute of the necessary learning; or of the confidence and facility required in a public audience where forms are so technical. It is just that the ignorant should have adequate assistance in demanding what is due to them, or in defending what they already possess. Of that which, in its perfection, money alone can purchase — zeal, learning, eloquence, experience — great will be the inequality in any case; but by the employment of professional advocates, both parties are placed before the tribunal less unfairly than if every litigant must have trusted to his own skill.

CATO.

Do these advocates, then, act on behalf of such ignorant clients as you describe, with less zeal and industry because they are also poor?

LUGWARDINE.

Certainly not. The inequality I referred to, is that devotion of extraordinary time and care, eloquence and learning, which riches only can command. Complaints of neglect are uncommon—of treachery or duplicity, so rare as always to be disbelieved.

CHAPTER V.

CATO.

PLEADING for the ignorant, this advocate defends their characters, their properties, their liberties, their lives, or whatever else may be endangered: he enforces their claims or denounces their oppressors. But does he plead calmly and considerately as well as strenuously—honestly and conscientiously as well as zealously? Or, like M. Tullius, notwithstanding that moral summary of an advocate's duties and privileges, does he affect or assume his client's passions in addition to his interests? Partaking of the same self-partiality without the same excuses for it, does he sometimes employ arguments which are delusive, subtleties which are disingenuous, representations which are exaggerated, insinuations which are untrue? Our rhetoricians thought nothing allowable if it might command success. M. Tullius wrote some treatises explanatory of his own deceptions, teaching men how best to evade or pervert the truth. As your religion supplies that moral atmosphere which is breathed by conscience, it can permit no distorted facts, fictitious feelings, deceptive argument, or dishonest concealments? We will hope that Christian advocates never think it their duty to deceive in defence of guilt, or, what would be infinitely more criminal and detestable, in a warfare against innocence?

LUGWARDINE.

We determine quite otherwise. We say that it is the duty of an advocate to use all possible means and opportunities on his client's behalf, however otherwise reprehensible they might be. Intrusted as a substitute with his interests, he must do the best for them he can.

CATO.

He may know that his client's interests are opposed to justice—that whatever he shall obtain for a bad man, he must take from a good one—that whatever, by his instrumentality, the wrong side gains, the right side loses. Suppose a question of property. If I assist the person whose suit and intention are believed by me to be unjust, I partake in his fraud—I am a conspirator with him in his iniquity. What am I besides—a trickster or a Christian? Or can I be both at the same time?

LUGWARDINE.

A legal mind, or a mind professionally educated, disdains such scruples. The advocate is his client's representative. Whatever the client would have done, if acting on his own behalf, the advocate must do.

CATO.

The client would have distorted or curtailed the truth if its integrity were against himself, and disre-

garded or suppressed the truth if its disclosure were in favour of his opponent ?

LUGWARDINE.

So should he.

CATO.

The client would have tricked, cheated, equivocated, lied ?

LUGWARDINE.

So must he. The advocate has pledged his fidelity which he cannot retract. If he tricks, cheats, equivocates, and lies, it is professionally.

CATO.

Was it incumbent upon him that he should have pledged his fidelity to a cause whether just or unjust? If so, may not the confederates of robbers or murderers plead a similar obligation? May they not tell you that it was contracted in ignorance; that, without danger to their associates, it could hardly afterwards have been relinquished; that they robbed unwillingly and vicariously, though it was for hire; and that they murdered only as the deputies, or substitutes, or representatives of some other person too weak and too timid for the undertaking by himself? It seems that you Christians have a right to lie and cheat, provided the chief profit of your falsehood and knavery shall devolve on some one else?

LUGWARDINE.

The advocate loses his own personality.

CATO.

So does my thief. He too is no better than a substitute. Both are non-natural men acting professionally for hire. Your advocate must first consent to this transformation by which, peradventure, he will become a cheat. He could not have engaged himself in ignorance of the probability, at least. If that be the best representative whose resemblance to his principal is the closest, a thief should employ a thief, and a Christian a Christian, unless both words signify the same thing, and the two characters are identical. Did you not tell us that Christian morality was founded on the truth?

LUGWARDINE.

I must allow that, by consenting to a thief, the advocate becomes a partaker with him; for so it is written in our sacred book. But then the advocate lies and is a thief no longer than while the court sits. As soon as the judge rises, he recovers his integrity, which the other thief does not.

LUCULLUS.

If he lie and cheat while the court sits to-day, and is retained to lie and cheat when the court will sit again to-morrow, he is honest only in the interval, or as long as he may remain asleep. This is but a

narrow isthmus between two oceans of frauds past and frauds to come. In your world the sun can never shine upon it.

CICERO.

This Antonius is either a feeble advocate for the advocates, or, as I much rather apprehend, a treacherous one. Why should he not say, as I did in the treatises to which Cato has referred, that we lie even more strenuously for our own reputation than for our clients' benefit. Let us not embarrass ourselves with elementary objections; but declare at once that eloquence is never so triumphant as when it deceives the cautious and confounds the just. What your advocates want in one way, they must supply by another. Those who possess much eloquence will lie as rhetoricians, scientifically — those who possess but little or none at all, must scatter their falsehoods with double energy and profusion, as the only weapons at their disposal. The first step in our professional acquirements, is that which raises us above diffidence — the second surmounts shame. I have heard M. Crassus prove that a man had been dead more than six months, by the man's own testimony. He taught his witness to deplore the inexorability of fate with outcries so clamorous and pathetic, that M. Crassus himself wept. By these means, the witness saved a fine of fifty talents, which would have been exacted from him in his other capacity, if still alive — and his patron gained a large silver lamp with five lights. Cato shakes his head!

CATO.

Cato remembers that the most eloquent of the Romans, and the most honest of his generation, though far less rich than Crassus, never accepted any remuneration, even as a present, for such services as could have been rendered to his clients by no other person. As he needed no lies supplementary to defective rhetoric, they were the less excusable.

CHAPTER VI.

LUGWARDINE.

UNLESS I might transfer my brief, it would be wiser in me to throw it up, and far safer for my clients. Cicero knows how to retard the departure of those smiles which may, perhaps, be dispersed abruptly and irretrievably by me. He may show that, as some mitigation of the pangs endured through self-reproach, these advocates are watchful in the extreme, lest such persons as are opposed to them should also lie and cheat. So great is their charity, that they are much more painfully solicitous about the witnesses of their opponent, than their own. An incumbrance to themselves, a hindrance to their clients, truth — like many other things which show fairest in the distance — is an ornament indispensable to the adverse party. How amiable is that benevolence which watches and patronises the witness opposed to them ! warning him against error ; admonishing him of his irreverence ; chiding and even threatening him, rather than that he should be forsworn ! Infinite are the pains taken to set him right ; examining him and cross-examining him till he blush. With suavity, with severity, with paternal tenderness, with magisterial sternness, he is adjured to take heed, to remember his oath, to consider the double danger of perjury, to reconsider that every syllable he has uttered may be disproved !

The same pains being taken on both sides, the result must prove nearly equal.

CICERO.

We can easily suppose the consequences from a contest so generous in which each advocate takes care of his opponent's witness. The timid must be affrighted, the modest abashed. An inexperienced witness, alarmed, distressed, bewildered, confounded, through shame and fear surprise and misapprehension, will contradict himself. At any rate, the hearers are prejudiced against one who requires so many adjurations before the truth can be extorted from him: even the judges suspect perhaps, that some latent deception, known only through other opportunities to this scrupulous advocate, has authorised warnings so impressively repeated. Infinite are the resources of an experienced pleader in diverting men's thoughts from inconvenient disclosures to more welcome conclusions.

CATO.

From truth to falsehood?

CICERO.

Rhetoric is not prosecuted among these Christians as a science. They can have, therefore, no other schools equal to their courts of justice for falsehood and impudence.

LUGWARDINE.

I will confess that in no other places is innocence

so cruelly traduced. He is the best witness who, by evasions and equivocations, is the best able to baffle justice.

CATO.

You spoke respectfully of the chief magistrates who preside over these tribunals. Do they tolerate such outrages against equity in her own house?

LUGWARDINE.

Behold the prevalence of habit! These judges were once themselves advocates. All life long they have been accustomed to use, or to hear, the same language, threats or reproaches from the pleaders, falsehoods or equivocations from the witnesses. It was, till lately, their own chief pride to extort truth by a similar process; and now they sit quiet, if not gratified superintendents, while the old game is played out before them with undiminished skill. They will tell you that knowledge of the facts cannot otherwise be extracted; that it is impossible to distinguish between honest and dishonest evidence till such tortures have been applied; that not one witness in ten considers the entire obligation of his oath, which requires truth without partiality; and that there is often as much subtilty employed in evading or misdirecting inquiry, as in educating and disentangling information.

CATO.

We might ask them, in reply, how far they had

themselves been the causes of this almost universal perjury by underrating its heinousness, and by employing only such indecent methods for its detection? Few men will rise above the standard by which we measure them. Treat your witnesses as if they were forsworn, and they will forswear. But you have given us another and a still more unequivocal account of Christian morals. The advocates misrepresent the truth; the witnesses withhold or pervert the truth; the spectators watch mirthfully while in this game of chance truth is kicked like a foot-ball from side to side; and the judges smile as they see it rising sometimes high into the air, but oftener and longer rolling amidst the kennel. We shall better comprehend the kind of sanctity attached to a Christian's oath when we have learnt by what it is that he swears?

LUGWARDINE.

By that name before which he professes to tremble—by *His* presence, and as he would hope for *His* help or mercy at whose tribunal he must stand himself.

CICERO.

While the judge watches, with pleased composure, this chase so well followed up, quite content if the hunted truth shall be overtaken at last, he countenances his dogs in their ferocity, and justifies the affrighted quarry in baffling them by its cunning. When thus barked at and worried, the witness must take refuge either among falsehood or beneath reserve.

He dares not to speak the whole truth lest something else beyond it and unlike it should arise from the suggestion, and be denounced next. His conscience is pacified if, after having parried one alarming question without a falsehood, he has felt constrained to meet another still more alarming, without the truth. Might not these incorruptible magistrates, thus clothed in a delegated sovereignty, interpose to check insults on one side, and punish indecencies on the other; to protect the sanctity of their courts; to warn the heedless or ignorant, not less as parents than as judges; to explain the oath they have taken as a covenant with the majesty of God? How can a people feel so little veneration for the ceremonies with which justice is administered, and yet honour the magistrates to whose personal integrity no man objects? Surely such awful, yet compassionate, admonitions would be required but seldom?

LUGWARDINE.

I have heard angry threats, often from the advocate, not seldom from the judge, but never once such interposition as might extend its warnings beyond the witness and the occasion, to the audience and the future. The question implies a totally different habit of feeling and practice. Our tribunals are theatres for the display of ingenuity and jocularities. It must be a very grave cause indeed which is conducted as much like a comedy as a farce. There is the quickest alternation of jests and threats, mirth and malice. A detected falsehood is laughed at, not

reprobated — a reluctant witness is buffeted with the pleader's pleasantry, not awed and confounded by the judge's indignation. We have, as you had, a thousand stories detailing the tricks and retorts of these evasive witnesses on one hand, baffling the questioner, delighting the audience, amusing the jury, enlivening the judge — and, on the other hand, as many traps skilfully prepared, and sometimes successfully baited, by the advocates. In either instance we are told that the whole court was convulsed with laughter.

CATO.

If so, all this merriment was expended before the majesty of justice and the holiness of heaven. After having sworn by the truth of both, you trick and equivocate — lie yourselves, and jest at one another's lies. Christian morals must have sprung from some half-rotten root left in the earth by a disciple of Epicurus; for he would have disclaimed them himself. Come, notwithstanding that it may be prohibited by your customs and your religion, let us learn from yourself one truth, though it be the first — do Christians really believe in any God at all?

CICERO.

Men can have no other security against those perils which threaten their families, their liberties, or their characters, than the reverence for truth. In no other place should justice so watchfully guard it as under her own roof. A falsehood there is an

outrage against the public safety : a false oath defies or disowns God. Never, if it be detected, should it escape punishment. Never should it be imputed, or hinted at, or supposed to be credible, without some grave necessity or imperious occasion. It should be classed among those crimes about which we speak not, excepting by compulsion. Few men have any opinions which they did not borrow, or at least modify, from other men. We may brace and invigorate public morals by purifying and elevating our own; still more easy is it to relax that which was infirm before, and enfeeble that which was effeminate. Ten Cato's would have saved the republic. Equivocation is a cowardly attempt at falsehood after having summoned the Deity as your guarantee. How could those judges better employ themselves than in cleansing the fountain of equity from its obstructions and impurities,—in protecting the modest against insults, the timid and the ignorant against threats and surprises? Levity should be repressed, and deceit punished, whether it discover itself in the witness, or the advocate, or the suitor.

LUGWARDINE.

Since my veracity has already sustained so many assaults, I shall not venture on any explanation of that antiperistasis by which equity in our courts becomes a destructive antagonist to itself. In questions of property, we are so studious to decide rightly, that we hardly decide at all. Fifteen or twenty years not uncommonly pass away without any de-

cision between right and wrong, because it is safer that right as well as wrong should starve, than that the cause should be hurried, or the judge mistaken. A suit is often protracted till our advocates have eaten up the subject-matter, and the worms have eaten up the claimants.

CATO.

You do not tell us that a suit in equity can remain undecided during fifteen or twenty years?

LUGWARDINE.

Yes, I do. Many suits have remained still longer.

CATO.

Then why decide them at all — or rather why commence them at all? How long, at present, is the usual duration of human life?

LUGWARDINE.

Seldom much longer than the suit, and often not near so long. As a legacy among our heirs, we leave some claim which will entitle their legal advisers to live till old-age on substantialities, and themselves on expectation. Yet for the sake of this abused justice, and that I may not be unjust myself, let me detain you among the advocates one moment more. They are fettered heavily by that old chain transmitted to them from their predecessors which custom strengthens and lengthens with an additional link or

two every day. But no other profession has contained, proportionably with its numbers, more men of unsullied honour in private life, or perhaps so many in public, of learning, ability, courage, and patriotism. You, the leaders of your generation, not only submitted to many things which were unjust and unreasonable, but you did them.

CHAPTER VII.

LUCULLUS.

YOU said something of the jury — what is a jury ?

LUGWARDINE.

Twelve subordinate judges, whose office it is to determine whether the claim be just—whether the accusation be true—whether the person impeached be guilty—whether the property disputed between you and me be yours or mine.

CICERO.

What have the other judges to do, if the subordinate can do all this ?

LUGWARDINE.

They interpret the laws of which these are ignorant. For to secure impartiality, or rather to resist the encroachment and ascendancy of power, we select our jurymen from among persons who occupy the same social rank as the accuser and accused.

CICERO.

I can understand that they are thus provided to interpose against judicial or political tyranny ; that, as the excubiæ of your freedom, they are chosen by

the people; that they are preferred as the wisest and the most virtuous. If unconvinced, they may occasionally perhaps resist the judge's opinion?

LUGWARDINE.

Very often they do so. We are studious that they should be, not merely of the same rank with the litigants, but of the same capacity.

LUCULLUS.

If the litigants should happen to be fools—no uncommon occurrence in our time—how then?

LUGWARDINE.

It would be an uncommon occurrence now, if out of twelve jurymen, ten or eleven were not what we call their peers in this qualification too, as well as the other.

LUCULLUS.

Suppose that you have much reason to apprehend the accused person may be a thief? Do you select as his peers and assessors, twelve thieves? Assisted by the advocates who, according to your account, must sympathise with the whole thirteen, he can be in no great danger. At last, the reason is apparent why you punish him before his trial.

CATO.

There is hardly any question whatever, unless it be from its simplicity incapable of a doubt, about

which twelve men will not disagree. If it be incapable of a doubt, it ceases to be a question. By assembling as many as twelve, you ensure a difference of opinion, wherever it is possible to differ. Where it is not possible, one opinion is as valuable as a thousand. What constitutes a sufficient majority among these twelve?

LUGWARDINE.

They must be unanimous.

CATO.

If each of them had exercised an uninfluenced opinion on any difficult subject, twelve men never were unanimous. Where the subject is clear, why engage so many understandings in its examination; where complicated or obscure, how do you accomplish this unanimity?

LUGWARDINE.

If they disagree, we lock up the twelve jurors, and fast them till they grow wiser.

LUCULLUS.

The old remedy still! But in this instance, its operation seems to be less direct. Possibly you may fast your kings till they have ceased to be tyrannical—their ministers, till they have acquired wisdom and patriotism—your generals, judges, counsellors, till they have become humane, and dispassionate, and sincere. Your slave may be fasted till he is diligent,

your son till he is dutiful, your wife till she is quiet. But how can this vacuity in the bowels reconcile people's opinions, and operate upon twelve judgments in the same way? In our time, men's brains were not situated beneath their girdles. We could not compress their thoughts into unanimity, as we fasten on a horse's saddle by tightening the girth. And here is only one girth for twelve horses?

LUGWARDINE.

It is enough that our jurymen agree in the same verdict. Their opinions are left to their consciences, with which we never interfere.

Q. CICERO.

Is an oath required from *them* also, as the name implies?

LUGWARDINE.

With an obligation yet more imperative, if possible, even than the rest, are they sworn to declare the truth.

CATO.

A question proposed by me remains unanswered: but there is now no necessity that I should repeat it. My doubts have disappeared. I asked whether Christians do really believe in any God at all. Still, as a sacrifice to decency, you might dispense with these oaths. Of what use are they? Assembling twelve men, distinguished neither by natural nor

casuistical intelligence, you require them to decide on some such intricate question as, in every opulent country, must arise. By all the solemnities of an oath, you constrain them to determine, not after each other's judgments and consciences, but their own. You assist and instruct them with the learning of a judge: yet they cannot forget that their functions would become both abortive and ridiculous if such guidance were implicitly followed while the reason remained unconvinced. You exact unanimity from the discordant, not by satisfying their understandings, but by distressing their stomachs. In other words, you would render this agreement valueless by the ignorance of your jurors, if you had not previously rendered it impossible by their number. No instance ever came to my knowledge of barbarity so extravagant as this!

LUGWARDINE.

Yet this is the institution of which we are the most proud.

CICERO.

It has, indeed, no unpopular recommendation as a strong, though clumsy, bulwark against the encroachments of tyranny.

LUGWARDINE.

I hail this disagreement between the opinions of Cato and of Cicero! Our bulwark is of no small use, it seems, for no unimportant purpose.

CICERO.

If we two differ on a subject so simple, how will you enforce agreement among twelve ignorant persons, where property, or liberty, or character, or life is at stake, and the evidence is so entangled by its contradictions, that the wisest of the twelve might well doubt?

Q. CICERO.

Perhaps, in criminal cases, you have recourse to torture; and your twelve jurors suspend their sentence till they see its effect? They condemn when the criminal has confessed?

LUGWARDINE.

So far otherwise, we refuse to believe him when he does confess. We recommend him to retract his confession—to reassert his innocence—to take the chances of a trial.

CATO.

Then you teach him to lie. It seems that the single person concerned, except the judge, who might possibly feel disposed to tell the truth, is dissuaded from doing so. The thief is almost constrained to become as hardened against shame and the remonstrances of conscience, as the witnesses, the advocates, or the jurors! Who recommends this?

LUGWARDINE.

The judge.

CATO.

To what end?

LUGWARDINE.

That the malefactor may escape through some error in the indictment, or some contradiction in the witnesses, or some insufficiency in the proof, or some misapprehension in the jurors, or some other fortunate casualty which cannot be foreseen.

CATO.

Why incur all this trouble? Why try him at all? Would he not escape if his fetters were removed and his prison door set wide open? But first, why should he escape?

CICERO.

All these casualties are anticipated and superseded by his own acknowledgment of guilt. What do you call such advice?

LUGWARDINE.

We call it fair play.

CICERO.

Does this fair play extend to the community? If the criminal escape, may he not become more mischievous and dangerous than he was before? Will not his confederates hope for similar impunity, and thus venture on the same or greater atrocities?

CATO.

You told us that the judges bound their conscience by the sanctity of an oath — what have they sworn?

LUGWARDINE.

To execute the laws, to punish offences, to determine justly, to show no favour.

CATO.

It would seem that every man among you, except the thief, has sworn to do something which he never does or thinks of doing. What a wonderful people is this! As supplying the atmosphere of their morality, how inconceivably mischievous must be their religion! For though it is impossible that they should believe in the presence or the providence of God, they appeal to him as if they could provoke him, and swear by him as if he did indeed hear!

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK XIII.

Idem ego, cùm subiî convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

BOOK XIII.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are thoughts which most men reserve even from their friends, not because they are selfish, or knavish, or childish, or in any other grave sense base and discreditable, but because they may be chided as profitless, or derided as fantastic. Freshly risen from the works of some great writer who had reasoned on past, or speculated on future changes, whether in morals, politics, religion, science, or literature, we wish to protract with him our intercourse; to communicate other opinions in return for his; to question, to debate, to concur, and sometimes to disagree. Above all, we wish to tell him of those events which, since his age, have either confirmed what he thought, or disproved it, or introduced something else. How pleasant to be the messenger by whom Bacon might first hear of a hundred chemical and mechanical discoveries, all prepared for by his philosophy! Or to inform Hampden that our kings have neither house, nor field, nor barn, nor even a cabbage-garden, except what we bestow upon them. Or to confirm Milton's anticipation of poetical immortality, assuring him that, in his department, he has no other competitor than

Homer and Virgil, to whom no other priority is allowed by us than that of age. We should recount the novelties introduced by two hundred years, largely discoursing on government and policy, science and literature, morality and religion. Thus permitted to reason with the dead, as perhaps every affectionate imagination converses with the loved and the absent, we might communicate at least as much knowledge as we should acquire. But, for this purpose, we must suppose that Bacon, Hampden, or Milton had obtained no earlier intelligence of the kind than ours; no such knowledge through any other means. We must witness his first thoughts and emotions when stricken out from him by surprise. If the mind gain leisure enough to digest and assimilate what it receives, some conformity between the old opinions and the new is accomplished insensibly by its ruminations, rounding their angles and softening their crudities till the particularity of truth is lost.

The use of such dialogues would be to question truth and falsehood as in a crucible, analysing their elements, and thus separating them from one another. We might learn what had been our proficiency during these two or three hundred years. For perhaps we have travelled fast, and yet in a circle; or we have marched with a quick step, as the soldiers are sometimes taught to do, standing precisely upon the same ground; or we may have gone far and straight enough, but in a wrong direction. What is our object? Do we grow wiser, better, happier, as well as richer? For my part, I think that, on the whole, we have grown wiser and better,—about the happier I demur. What

would Bacon, Hampden, Milton, Locke, Hooker, or Taylor think?

Many attempts have been made to introduce among our institutions some such judge. Thus Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* travels from China, unfettered by European habits or prepossessions, and well furnished with natural acuteness. He may have accomplished all that was proposed; but, if so, it could not have been proposed that he should discern the truth. His success is never so great as when he perverts it or misconceives it. His pleasantries never amuse us so much as when they originate in a mistake. False constructions, however comical, cannot arbitrate between right and wrong. They may, indeed, sometimes suggest sarcasms the more humorous because, while apparently pointed at one object, they strike another; but a just conclusion is seldom expected from premises jocularly designed and wilfully misstated. When Lien Chi Altangi supposes that an English nobleman keeps four wives, a gentleman three, and a stage-player two; or that the deity worshipped in St. Paul's cathedral is its organ, he appears less qualified to disperse our prejudices than to provoke our smiles. As soon as the traveller's misapprehensions are exhausted, and no more pleasant blunders can consist with increased experience, he becomes both less philosophical and less Chinese. This plan can contribute only so much to our amusement as it deducts from our instruction.

Southey expended much thought on his *Colloquies*, and it may be doubted whether any one of his other works is so elaborately written. The tenor both of

thought and language is sustained with unusual care. Nor less sagaciously than benevolently does he propound the subjects to be discussed. But his purpose was very greatly different from that of so many other speculative adventurers, reckoning Goldsmith's Citizen as their chief. He wished to contemplate "*the prospects and progress of society*" equitably rather than playfully, wisely rather than wittily. His introduction of Sir Thomas More prohibited any greater licence than might become a guest whose facetiousness had been sobered by the grave. Such machinery was capable of very little extension in any other way; yet however inartificial, it was hard to manage. What could the contriver do with it, which he might not have done as well or better without it? Why collect opinions from a spectre which might have proceeded from any living acquaintance? There was nothing which could be learnt from one who knew no more than himself, and nothing which could be taught to one who knew as much as himself. There is no novelty, no surprise: a spirit comes to him from the dead, which brings and which receives no information. Happily so much wisdom and sanctity of thought and feeling were not much bruised by being packed in the ill-hung vehicle which conveyed them to us.

It is barely possible that any man should produce a picture of our social state strictly just both in its features and proportions, its lights and shadows. The fairer parts of humanity are less obvious and appraisable than the darker; not because they are less common, or certain, or permanent, as some people

think, but because they are more so. We pass unnoticed that which is seen by us every day. One man noisy and drunken startles our attention more than ten men who are peaceful and sober: one house, while it is being burnt down, more than ten houses while orderly inhabited. Those misanthropes are mistaken who consider it discreditable that we should pay so much less regard when we hear of good deeds or good qualities, than of evil. Because they are less uncommon, they are less surprising. It was impossible for me to produce before these Manes, from among my countrymen, the peaceful, the pious, the benevolent, and therefore I may appear unpatriotic. Who can count the bee-hives in his neighbourhood, or measure the pails of milk, or calculate the brown loaves however wholesome, or the fresh butter-pats however sweet?

The accident which hurried me over nineteen hundred years, and which placed me face to face with customs and principles bearing so remote a date, was thus far fortunate, that it obviated both of the embarrassments just now pointed out. Referring again to Doctor Southey and Sir Thomas More — unlike them, I gathered my intelligence where there could have been no preparation for it on either side. No previous knowledge anticipated what I might communicate, and gradually reconciled the listener to those changes of which he would hear. As for the Chinese philosopher, he was really more remote from this European world than either Cicero or Aristotle. I found but little difficulty in making

them comprehend usages and opinions derived partly from themselves. Misconceptions, indeed, there were; yet such only as arose from the external changes in things common both to them and me,—reformations and reintegrations accomplished with the oldest materials. We have never lost sight of these luminaries, or ceased, however deviously, to follow them. Consequently there was nothing which appeared prodigious and preternatural. They soon became competent to judge of institutions which, though unlike their own, had nevertheless often the same origin. There was sufficient proximity for recognition, sufficient correspondence in size and weight for the employment of a common measure. And the mysterious transition from life to death had left their humanity but little disturbed. Death did not, by magnifying or distorting these illustrious shadows, make me fearful to approach them. On the contrary, I found them rather slender representatives of their original greatness, and so accessible as once or twice to encourage a dangerous familiarity. Surely the reader could hardly have expected that he might be conducted by me among spectres swollen to gigantic dimensions and reanimated with passions terrible, preternatural, and inhuman. What! did he believe that I was writing a fable?

Strange things, no doubt, these Manes did learn from me; so strange as, at first, to appear false; so incongruous as to be thought contradictory; so improbable as to invite mirth, to inflame anger, to provoke scorn; but since truth will sometimes prevail,

not so strange as to resist conviction. You, sir, know that I have neither perverted nor exaggerated. My business was to state the condition of our morals, the administration of our laws, and the other proofs of our civility : — tell me in what respect have they been unfairly stated? Sarcastic or extravagant representations would have ruined my purpose, which was a reference to justice. I hoped to find, among these Manes, something like the test of truth.

CHAPTER II.

OUR discussion was ended so hastily that I wanted time for the conquest of prejudices manifestly unjust, yet not easy to combat. More than once, while discoursing with these Manes, had it been my misfortune to let slip the proper occasion, and to arm myself for victory when the battle was over. My own and my country's honour required, perhaps, alacrity happier and readier. We were ill-understood by these men, who never before had been told that the summary and sovereignty of human wisdom must be looked for in our institutions, — all social as well as political virtue in our people.

Cicero now rises in haste, and I learn that the purpose for which he and his three companions had sought me, cannot be deferred. "Our conversation has detained us too long," said he: "the citizens are, by this time, assembling. I must fulfil the promise made to them at your advent; and give, from the rostrum, a synopsis of such knowledge as we have collected and ascertained. We looked for you here, that it might be less incomplete. Your companion suffers so much from ill-health, and his supercilious carriage would be so dangerously resented, that we can dispense with his attendance; but you, Antonius, must appear."

I indulged the persuasion that my illustrious host was much more favourably impressed by our profici-

ency in wisdom and virtue than any other person there. Casually as it appeared, and at various times besides those which I have recorded, many particulars did his curiosity glean from me. It was to a philosopher, not to a rhetorician, to a magistrate, to a lawyer that I communicated my thoughts—though Cicero formerly had been all four. Let it not be imputed as vanity if the turn of mind common to him and me, the quickness of apprehension, the cheerfulness of temper, and the love of learning, suggested a resemblance between us, which might perhaps hereafter terminate in friendship. His treatise on that union, which can be perfected only by virtue and wisdom, encouraged such a hope.

Calculating on such sympathy, I had furnished him with information alike honourable to myself and glorious to my country. There are few livelier pleasures, if purely intellectual, than that which is felt when we can make other people stare. Few pleasures are more liberally indulged—especially in supplying, as common property, the particulars which concern ourselves. Many a man would rather give you the history of his ancestors—of his own birth, education, and influence in society—his good luck, good management, good behaviour—nay, even the good things which he has thought, and said, and done, than a good dinner. You are often more welcome to his opinions than to his roast-beef. This shows how spiritualised is our benevolence, offering, as it does, not the grosser, but the purer and the nobler gifts—sometimes too with such compulsion that you can hardly refuse them. Its earnestness

increases in proportion to the hearer's capacity and the bashfulness of his reluctance.

There seemed no such modesty to be overruled in Marcus Tullius; but it was pleasant recreation on both sides when I could stimulate first his curiosity, and then his astonishment. I described to him the magnitude of our cotton manufactories, the discipline of our workhouses, the condition of our prisons — all full — the number of our children habituated to labour from their cradles, of our women who never remitted it even in old age. With my help, he fathomed the profundity of our economical speculations, respectfully attentive to what I said either about Adam Smith, Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Ricardo, or Mr. Mill. I next laid before the orator a short history of our three religious denominations, and then introduced the remaining fraternities calculated at ninety-seven, all glowing with the same charity toward each other, and especially toward the central church. The still quieter method by which we regulate our social controversies and misunderstandings, astonished him most, — precautions taken to anticipate any boisterous or ill-bred resentment at an affront, by the friendly offices of a second, and the uses of a hair-trigger.

Eager for proportionable gratification from the amazement of a whole people, assembled that they might hear his report about me and my native land, I followed him to the forum. If Cato frowned and Lucullus laughed, Cicero's humanity seemed always candidly attentive, and courteously inquisitive. My poor friend Bartholomew, sick or well, continued to

grow still more mysteriously incomprehensible. He was not enigmatically and esoterically reserved, like Pythagoras; or captiously and conceitedly crabbed, like Diogenes—but he was inscrutably simple. I, on the contrary, was a scholar, a philosopher, a traveller, a gentleman; in me there was something tangible for men's appreciation and comparison. These investigators might compare me with themselves or one another.

Though they slackened their pace on my account, it was not easy to keep abreast with them while the hills were before us; and something like dread contributed to the shortness of my breath as we descended on the other side. I looked down at the forum where, excepting some comparatively small space opposite to its rostrum left uncrowded for hearers of patrician dignity, every spot was thronged. Myriads swarmed against the rocks and upon the roofs of the porticos. Yet was there not much more noise from the concourse of so many generations, than from a sunny clover-field in spring whose fresh but warm breezes were insufficient to disperse the bees. As we approached, I first heard Q. Cicero say to his brother, and then Lucullus to Cato, that they could distinguish the dictator Sylla, Pompeius Magnus, both of the Gracchi, three of the Scipios, four or five of the Metelli, M. Lepidus, Cassius, Hortensius, Sallust,—beside many other men whose names though now forgotten by me, were only less than these.

Cato, Lucullus, and Q. Cicero pressed forward that they might occupy places among such an audi-

ence — while M. Cicero preceded me to the rostrum. Ascending the steps, and standing in the presence of conquerors to whom so many kings had approached, first with gifts, and then with supplications—as worshippers propitiated their deities by offerings introductory of prayers—I felt their gaze burning upon my countenance neither dispirited nor abashed. They would soon hear that I was the representative of a country noble as their own. Never before did I feel so great! Though unfurnished with credentials, I resolved to deport myself as became an ambassador from Britain, who had occasioned, and who had deserved, all this mighty stir among the dead. As the honoured guest of Cicero, as his philosophical companion, I knew how to maintain my place.

I can awaken no more than the feeblest echo of those words, diluting and polluting them by translated barbarisms—but, alas, their meaning stung me to the quick! What! were all those inquiries, which had gratified me so much, addressed treacherously to the vain, the credulous, the self-sufficient! Was I seduced, through such blandishments, to communicate feelings and failings, principles and practices, with open-hearted indiscretion, for a display like this! Was I to be pointed at with his finger, to be pushed, to be turned about, to be exhibited like a cow for sale? I looked incredulously at the orator, as if, peradventure, a voice which rolled so audibly among the rocks and porticos, might convey some different meaning to them and me. And I looked indignantly at the orator when he constrained me to lift up my head, as

if I had been some child detected in the commission of mischief and thus publicly exposed. It was plain that he cared no more for my confusion or resentment, my distress or my displeasure, than a showman cares for the sullenness of his imperfectly domesticated baboon. Quite at his ease, he smiled while I wondered—thus changing places with me—bowling and batting by turns. Heartily did I repent the indiscreet profusion of my confidence. It was not till I had been used up and thrust aside—till leaving me, the orator spoke of other nations once better known by him than mine; and thence rising higher and still higher, he would have reconciled his hearers to the destiny they never might resist; the eternity they never might abridge; the just, the single, the all-sufficient law they never might escape—that his words, pealing like thunder amidst the silence, dissolved my pride, subdued my anger, and showed me how immeasurable may be the space between two things alike in kind—my intellect and his. Scarcely half of what he said can be recollected by me, and that only the refuse of the worst half—but it will require a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER III.

CICERO.

NOTHING else, Quirites, than the apprehension that I must communicate some part of the disquiet and disgust which I have myself experienced, could interfere to lessen my pleasure while looking around me upon a concourse numerous and illustrious as this. My happiness has, at all times, expanded proportionably with the number and the dignity of those who could partake in it. But the first intelligence you will receive during almost nineteen hundred years, must occasion grief.

Of my two guests, one who has brought sickness and perhaps death among us, cannot be produced. If you have endured impatiently the deferred fulfilment of my promise, consider how rare truth was before eternity reconciled it to us; and how difficult is its investigation even still. Here falsehood would be profitless: but which of us refused or disdained its uses in the world above? Descending from that world, the traveller before you has come accompanied by its subtleties and equivocations, its hesitating respect for justice, its unsteady wishes to be honest, its indignant shame of exposure, its evasive and bashful irresolution in demanding belief. Even yet there seems no milder remedy for falsehood than that which is alone applicable to so many other evils. In this disease, as in the rest of our maladies, it is

death which heals us. Living men still continue falsely to criminate and calumniate one another; shamelessly to reprobate their own vices before detection; fraudulently to justify or excuse them after it.

Assisted by other inquisitors, I have found some difficulty through the corruption or imperfection of language; but far more through the changes of social life. Let me impress this with so much greater earnestness, because the novelties of which you will hear must otherwise create indignation as well as surprise. But consider that there have been three times as many centuries for such mutability, as were sufficient to call forth Rome from behind the shelter of earthen ramparts surmounted by Remus with a leap, and to establish her uncontested sovereignty above mankind.

These men are citizens of an island divided in its southern coast from Gaul, and twice visited by C. J. Cæsar — the first time, through curiosity or the impatient spirit of adventure — the second time, that his conquests might extend as far as there was ground to stand upon, and that another province might be enumerated at his triumph. We remember the smile which this fresh acquisition of forests and morasses provoked at Rome — cities always without walls, often without houses, and warlike enemies whom it was necessary to clean and clothe before they were presentable in the forum as slaves for sale. He tells us, in his Commentaries, little else as peculiar to such barbarians, than that they shaved those parts of their bodies which other nations leave unshorn,

painting every member sky-blue. That, too idle for agriculture, they fed principally, like cats or calves, on milk. That they were superstitiously afraid of a hare, a pullet, and a goose. That, perhaps through some such terrors, not less than ten, and often not less than twelve husbands could venture upon one wife. Other particulars of the same kind were transmitted to me, both by the conqueror himself, and by my brother Q. Cicero his lieutenant, who partook in as much glory as could be gained from such men without the armed assistance of their women. It may have been in maintenance of the earth's moral equilibrium that ten husbands should marry one wife at its western extremity, to counter-balance the ten wives who married one husband at its eastern.

These cerulean-tinted Britons, whose average manhood and magnanimity, calculating it against our own, can hardly have been estimated so high as one to twelve — requiring a hundred and forty-four males for the domestic control of twelve females, — who, however hungry, abstained trembling from the silliest and the fearfullest among birds and beasts, are now, as represented by their descendants, the richest, the bravest, the wisest, and the proudest of mankind! Yet in one particular, at least, does the change appear to have been disadvantageous. Judging by my sick guest, their alienation from humanity would have been less displeasing, if they had approached us in their sky-blue paint, rather than in those stubborn and preposterous garments which you have seen with wonder. But, however clothed, their

colonies surround the earth—their fleets over-awe it—their laws, their sciences, their commercial enterprises, civilise and subdue it. During the last few years, they have reclaimed liberty for Greece, Italy, Sicily, Spain, Belgæ, and Suevia. The traveller before you supplies us with reasons for our belief that his countrymen have commenced the establishment of a mighty empire where Alexander ended his—that in a still larger country quite unknown to us, criminals and fugitives, emancipated by rebellion, are now scarcely less wealthy or numerous than themselves—that the feculence which England has ejected, sticks, vegetates, and becomes fruitful there as well as in some other places—that wherever their language extends, all our moral and philosophical systems have been set aside for a safer and a better—that, in their island, Homer has been studied and equalled, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, have been rivalled and surpassed.

Yet would it appear that, unlike ourselves in the pursuit of similar greatness, they have no co-operation from virtue. It is an impious people! Wise, learned, brave, indefatigable, these Britons are, at least, as wicked! They cannot have shown so much courage in subduing the world, as in defying its Creator. Far worse are they than Atheists, for as the Atheist is without a God, he is without the contumacy which acknowledges and yet despises him. While living, we were little affected by the neglect of strangers; but when our servants grew insolent and rebellious we felt enraged. Nineteen hundred years seem hardly sufficient to account for

the growth of that audacity and obduracy which my guest confesses. His countrymen believe not only in the providence, but in the presence of a God—in his greatness, his holiness, his watchfulness, in their future responsibility to him—in eternal recompences, happy or miserable, as they shall have deserved. They live no longer than we did, and hold the tenure of their existence in the same uncertainty. Their religious belief is not learnt from the hesitating deductions of argument, or from the still more visionary suggestions of feeling; it descends directly and authoritatively from God himself. It is not a religion merely, but a revelation. And He who brought it became the example of its purity, as well as the witness to its truth. These men tell us of his love towards them, his patience, innocence, beneficence, compassion; and that though infinite in wisdom and power, after having endured their perverseness, he interceded for their forgiveness.

Yet even those among them who neither disbelieve his mission nor question his authority,—his best, and wisest, and most reverential followers,—do punctually and systematically every day the things which he commanded them not to do. We speak now only of the prudent and the passionless—we describe their deliberate habits, not their casual aberrations. They were commanded to abstain from strife, to desist from vengeance, and, with some reservation, many do so. They were not less impressively required, as they would hope for God's mercy, to love one another; to comfort, and sustain, and befriend one another; to live in the continual interchange of

affection and benevolence. No man was permitted to consume wastefully or ostentatiously that which another man might want; for whatever was superfluous was not his. Parsimony was only some little less criminal than covetousness; for they both robbed God and the creatures of God. Language cannot be more precise and express than that which condemns selfishness in this religion; truth cannot be more pointedly concentrated, more variously and elaborately illustrated, more directly and inevitably enforced. There is no escape—its moral consummation is benevolence as active as possible in doing good. My guest, abstaining at present from the dogmas of his religion, has repeated to me several parabolical apologues illustrating the virtues which it requires, and all having the same tendency. Plato will learn from them that, with greater purity of thought and simplicity of language, there may be wisdom more lofty than his master's and more eloquent than his own.

Yet telling me this, my guest also says, that hardly Crassus was so rich as many among his countrymen; hardly one Roman citizen so poor, or one Roman slave so ill-fed, as are some millions of Christians! He says that the extremities of want and splendour may be seen daily within a few paces from one another! That the worshippers of this holy teacher accumulate three times as much money as they can need either for themselves or their heirs. That among such penury and distress, many who must find successors abroad and with difficulty by adoption, pick up gold and silver at every step, and carry

them hidden in their bosoms as far as to the sepulchre. Others, if they be healthy and sensual, mock the miserable by ostentatious self-indulgence, at tables too profuse for the refined, and too tumultuous for the social. Plebeians, wealthy through sordid traffic, squander more than Asiatic riches on their sports, on their luxuries, on their vices, but seldom, if they can help it, on their neighbours. He says that not one of his countrymen now living has ever built an aqueduct for the public convenience, or a fountain, or a bath, or a forum; but that many patrician Christians worship in temples neither so spacious, nor so costly, nor so clean, nor so appropriately decorated, as their kitchens and stables.

Look at this man! Why should he deceive us? Why lie maliciously to his country's dishonour, and injuriously to his own? Yet how can we give credit to customs so impious and so abhorrent from common sense? We, too, had our usurers extortionately intent on dying rich; but such people talked not of virtue; no pretences were made by them to religious obedience. They were not the disciples of a benevolent master: saving or stealing, exacting or defrauding, it was not in defiance of a revelation from God. No other criminals can have been more atrociously wicked than were many of ours; but then hardly any other men can have lived under a responsibility less intelligible or assured. Like revolted gladiators, who had taken possession of a city in which there were neither governors nor magistrates, we did as we pleased. But these Christians, as they call themselves, believe that their Master is watching

them; that their Father is grieving for them,—a master and a father sent to them from God! They have access, it seems, to sacred books, to living oracles, to a present Deity! Reading lessons, every day, which they never practise; praying for guidance, every day, which they never follow; they talk, nay, they quarrel, too, about their religion! Again, let me remind you that I now speak, not of the profane, the reprobate, the hypocritical; but of wise and careful men; of chaste and temperate women; of their vestals, their matrons, their flamens, their augurs,—all comprehended in what they call a Christian community. Alas! I see by your restlessness that you cannot understand me. Your thoughts, conscript fathers, carry you to the theatre. I must have been speaking of Menander, of Aristophanes, or of our own Publius Terentius; of satirical jesters; of comedians in waxen masks!

Look once more, and more attentively, at my guest. He and his companion are Christians. They left riches for which they had no present use, and could have, he says, no future occasion. Yet was it in search of still greater riches that they came hither. The earth seemed insufficient in size and steadiness for their standing-place, they wanted more room. They were dissatisfied with the sun's warmth, the air's freshness, the voices and the countenances of their friends and neighbours. They would discover new regions, no matter how dark if sufficiently abundant in baser metals than gold or silver. Caught by a cataract, they have been hurried hither through more perils than those which Orpheus encountered

for the recovery of his Eurydice. Let him tell us if any Christian ever travelled half so far for a lost wife, as he and his companion have done for a vein of lead? Covetousness has rendered these people unnatural as well as impenitent. Their conquests could not have been undertaken for glory, but for riches: and if they have indeed civilised the remoter nations of mankind, they did so because more gold might be exacted from the luxurious or the effeminate, than from the simple. They tell us, indeed, that their religion is compassionate and beneficent; if so, how impiously and obdurately ungrateful must be their disregard of it!

Passing from their morals, it is of little use to notice their laws, for in no country whatever can they be greatly dissimilar. It appears that in all they do there is a perpetual appeal to their God — to this supreme Intelligence — this vigilant Creator and Governor, who will reward or punish. Every engagement is attested by an oath. They swear before the administration of justice, before the assumption of an office, before the acceptance or the relinquishment of a trust. Their senators swear, their merchants, magistrates, soldiers, sailors, priests, and tribute-takers swear. The judge swears that he will decide equitably, the witness that he will speak the truth. If a common preamble had been introductory of all their laws, requiring every man to break his oath, they might, perhaps, have obeyed this first provision with alacrity and punctuality, especially after having sworn that they would disregard it. Every where is this people audacious in their impiety, but

most unscrupulously wicked before the tribunals of justice. The advocate baffles the witness, the witness the judge: if remorse, or despair, or the prospect of mercy shall extort a confession from the criminal, the judge teaches him to baffle his conscience and hazard yet one crime more. Every possible precaution is taken by them to exclude the truth. Twelve witnesses, all separately attesting the same thing,—a thing undenied, a thing publicly and universally allowed,—will fail to prove its reality if one man out of twelve shall say that he is unconvinced. One man out of twelve subordinate judges, however ignorant he may be, however partial, however corrupt, can overrule the other eleven, the presiding magistrate, the whole court! Thus one oath becomes much more than equivalent to one hundred oaths, with common sense and universal concurrence in addition. The criminal who can secure a single juryman is safe!

Nor does it seem that the other nations of mankind are less unholy than is this. Corrupt as we were, their history since our departure from them must have been retrogressive in virtue and happiness. We are referred by this traveller, not without a boast, to the outskirts of humanity, to the slaves who have become free, and the barbarians who are now enlightened. Leaving the world's high places, its temples, capitols, acropoli, he conducts us stumbling through those suburban *popinæ* and *lupanaria*, Britain, Germany, and Gaul! But if we inquire into the condition of countries with which we were ourselves more nearly connected, it does not appear that even one has profited long, or the larger part at

all, by what the rest have lost. The only difference among them is that some are farther advanced in degradation, and the misery arising from it, than the remainder. Hurrying over all those nations which were separated from each other by the Ægean, Ionian, Sicilian, and Tyrrhenian seas; Greece, Asia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, Spain, Italy, Sicily,—the head, the heart, the noblest and strongest members of our former world, while it was yet ours, not one retains its civility undiminished—its arts, its learning, its influence, or its opulence undecayed.

Greece, the eye and ear, is without a statesman, a general, a poet, a painter, a statuary, an architect, an orator, and even a sophist. The site of many among her noblest cities is a question disputed by antiquaries, such as this, from Germany and Britain. Till my age, she could always produce three great philosophers for one honest man; but now, it seems, that there is no such disparity. The single characteristic still remaining to her is that restless and knavish audacity which was intermixed with her first breath, and will exhale only in the last. Asia and Syria shelter their inhabitants from so near a sun among the columns of roofless edifices which Greece erected there. Parthia is lost, even to her name. Persia protracts an equivocal existence by permission, till the Scythians shall extinguish it. Egypt is now neither large, nor rich, nor civilised enough to maintain any other sovereignty than that of a slave who has rebelled against some yet more barbarous master. Those eight hundred metropolitan cities, which, with their subordinate colonæ and municipia, extended through Libya, Numidia, and Mauritania, from Cyrene to the pillars

of Hercules, — those temples, theatres, aqueducts, baths, porticos, palaces, which reluctantly confessed the superior magnificence of Rome, — those cornfields dispensing their superfluous fertility on our idleness, which covered whole provinces with opulence, are now either wildernesses traversed by wild beasts, or, if cultivated at all, are contended for by rapine still more cruel, on one side, against beggary still more gaunt and unsocial, on the other. Sicily has exhausted her soil; Spain her minerals, her respect for truth, and every thing else, except that boastful malignity, engendered between indigence and pride, which no expenditure can diminish.

Let me pass lightly and hastily by the citadel of valour, the resting-place of our affections, that sacred home into which the disdainful and imperious mistress of mankind received us as her children. She may not for ever remain the most abjectly submissive among earth's slaves under a double tyranny! Listening while some lascivious lute thrills and warbles to the eunuch's treble — without an army, a fleet, a popular magistrate, an elective or hereditary senate — without any juster law than a priest's will, any nobler government than an augur's sovereignty — she may not always forget what she once had been. Alas, is our hope so irrational that the forum shall hereafter cease to be occupied as a pasture for cows, and the capitol as a prison for malefactors? Must the effeminate yet insolent idlers from Gaul, Germany, Britain, Suevia, Pannonia, Vindelicia, ascending those steps over which Scipio conducted the suppliants of Carthage, and Flaminius the hostages of

Macedonia, still continue to boast their superiority in power, and above all in freedom — unsubdued by God's justice, unawed even there before our fallen greatness? The most generous of their virtues qualified them for nothing better than our amusement as wrestlers or gladiators — and dare they appear uninvited there!

A promise inconsiderately made has extorted from me these truths. I might more easily have foreseen that the Gauls would plunder Rome a second time, than that these Britains would reclaim by force, and replace through magnanimity, the pictures, statues, and other similar ornaments which had been carried beyond the Alps. Our humiliation is less painfully indicated by the bloody fingers which committed the theft, than by the dirty fingers which restored the booty. I would drag such knowledge before you with patience on one side, fortitude on the other, and hope behind.

The reeds and rushes with which was fabricated a cradle for our greatness, had been gathered surreptitiously from the Tiber, but were woven together by Destiny. Passing through her hands, they grew almost imperishable in their strength and toughness. Six hundred years were spent while she expanded this diminutive nestling-place of infant glory till it overshadowed the earth. As a people, we are still esteemed the noblest of mankind, the strongest, the wisest, the bravest, and the longest-lived. Our children are not extinct. There yet remains some seed; mixed and shrivelled, indeed, but, as it may be seen hereafter, not unfruitful.

While you retain this hope, consider how much indignant humiliation, exasperated by remorse like mine, most of you have escaped. Only a small number, in comparison with the whole, have descended from freedom, as I have done, by that dark and broken flight of steps whose first landing-place is shame, and last ruin. Dying earlier, you have not blushed with me because strength survived honour, and your country's submission was offered through fear, before it was demanded by necessity. Hard but just is the retribution, when we learn too late that there can be no equivalent for the loss of either social or political rectitude, even if its covenanted recompences are duly paid.

We know from this stranger how little reason have even the most unhappy of us to regret that we were not immortal. If existence be as valuable as was once supposed, we possess it for ever here. Let us remember the anxieties and perplexities of a life which we then so carefully guarded, and from which we were, at last, so reluctantly divorced; that its passions were unsubdued, its errors uncorrected, its sorrows ill-assuaged, its losses, and far worse still, its dread of loss, continually before our eyes. Which of us would again become a comedian on the same slippery stage where, though every false step, or ungraceful attitude, or ill-articulated word was marked and laughed at, we felt more certain to be hissed for performing well than ill? It is some gain to be released from the necessity for fictitious smiles and all the theatrical garniture of deceit. If mirth is

lessened, let us accept as an equivalent the thought, that so is the buffoonery which provoked it.

Who among us would pick up from the dust his rent and thread-bare cloak, wearing it again as a casuist, a rhetorician, or even a philosopher; and resuming with its hypocrisies, old doubts never to be resolved whether true or false? Who would live the tolerated dependent on other men's caprice? Who would subject his heart to love, if it must be accompanied by jealousy; or to ambition, if it must be poisoned by malice; or even to friendship and sympathy, if they must be enfeebled by distrust? What every one has here, be it good or evil happy or unhappy, is his own, and he feels that it is justly his. Nothing can be derived, or imputed, or transferred. Misery is not embittered through the indignant suspicion that it suffers inequitably, or even that, by an imperious preference, another man suffers less. Justice rules for ever here, centrically steady as the sun above our heads; but with this difference, that neither our passions nor our imaginations, by interposing their distrusts, can create a shade. Limited as his knowledge may be, what every man knows here, he cannot mistake. If there be nothing to hope, to seek, or to expect, there is nothing to fear. The world of dreams and chimeras is the world which we have abandoned. Stepping from that mysterious labyrinth into the eternal daylight, its infinity and immutability lie broad before us.

Alas, those sighs, issuing as they do from so many bosoms, admonish me that the light may be too strong, and the plain too level! But it is god-

like to live without uncertainty. Fear, anticipating knowledge, superadds evils and torments of its own, from which we are free. Our children cannot die; our friends will not forsake us; our riches, reputations, and recollections, are subject to neither loss nor change. They which are the most unhappy here, have nothing worse to apprehend.

I see before me many that, in their respective generations, were the greatest of mankind, and they are such still. Time, producing but few competitors and no equals, exempts them from rivalry. Yet what was well done once, would not be well if repeatedly done. Glory like theirs can be gathered at no more than a single vintage. Transferred from the safety or welfare of Rome to the uses of a less generous ambition, conquest must have suffocated honour in its own carnage. Even as it is, memory reserves for other enterprises, not, indeed, the costliest of her censers, but the sweetest of her incense.

Would any be a conqueror, a lawgiver, or a statesman again, the candidate for bloody triumphs certain to be envied, the propounder of abortive laws or ineffectual policy speedily to be despised? O, thou single, and sacred, and, in justice, unimpeachable law, which reachest to every case, and satisfiest every requirement, of which we cannot complain, from which we cannot deliver ourselves! O, Memory, terrible assessor of conscience, severe but never tyrannical, inexorable but never capricious; I call upon thee, as most consistent with the majesty of God; I submit and tremble before thee, as most expressive of his holiness!

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK XIV.

Idem ego, cùm subiî convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

BOOK XIV.

CHAPTER I.

MUCH tiresome research among those little cloistered communities now so sparingly dispersed through Syria and Asia Minor; among libraries often comprehended in three or four chests—might fail to discover the following history entire. I will therefore offer an abridgment of it reproduced from memory; as the original MS., if found, is without a date, and written in bastard Arabic difficult to decipher.

The father of Benblunderhedd died during a pilgrimage by land from Aleppo to Jerusalem. At that time the sea was dangerously infested by pirates; and the provident old merchant contemplated some negotiations also with a correspondent in Damascus, which city, alas, he lived not long enough to reach! “Since it is the Supreme Will, we must submit,” said he to his son. “Conquer thy impatience, assuage thy sorrows, dry thy tears, and bury me, without profitless lamentations, here. Thou hast some wealth left behind thee at Aleppo; still more in expectation at Jerusalem; and as for the business which would have drawn us so far out of our way, defer it till a safer opportunity. Address thee now to thy pilgrimage. In Jerusalem thou wilt find two grand-

fathers—mine own father and thy deceased mother's father—make haste till thou shalt receive from them their blessing; for they are old and exceeding rich. My son, ever remember that thou art a Christian; and, as a Christian should feel content with what he has, to render this virtue the more easy, get as much as thou canst."

Benblunderhedd entertained so much gratitude and reverence for this best of parents, that his first care was to follow the old man's first advice. He soon conquered his impatience, assuaged his sorrows, dried his tears, and expedited the funeral. As no more money could be found among his father's effects than sufficed for so long a journey, perhaps those tears and that impatience might have burst forth afresh, had they not been restrained by the sight of a costly robe and some two or three valuable rings. He knew that his grandfathers in Jerusalem, affectionate and benevolent as they were, required the most scrupulous punctuality. At Damascus, on the contrary, he had expected to meet, among other acquaintances of his own age, this correspondent's eldest son, who would diversify his pilgrimage with delicate wines, fragrant roses, and a dancing girl or two. It now occurred to him that old men, when very sick, are more distrustful, capricious, light-headed, irrational, and absurdly self-willed than ever; though his venerable father needed no unusual accession of these domestic accomplishments at last, or at any time. A single robe could not have been designed for both his grandfathers; and it was impossible to tell for which. Such jewels, ill appreciated at Jerusalem, were better

calculated for the brighter eyes and softer climate of Damascus; and therefore to Damascus should they go.

Unfortunately the deceased merchant's exhortations had been uttered in the presence of both his slaves, who might misinterpret their spiritual sense illiberally, thinking them as stringent as they appeared; and report hereafter disadvantageously to their new master's filial affection, if these last words should be disobeyed. Therefore Benblunderhedd bethought himself that vigilant management would be especially needed now at Aleppo, for the security of his new wealth and the maintenance of his unconfirmed authority. After having spoken at great length on their duties, and with irresistible eloquence on the responsibility which he had intrusted to them, recommending vigilance and fidelity as they would look for rewards or punishments, he sent them back.

It was not till our pilgrim found himself quite alone on his way to Damascus, that the solitude and intricacy of it alarmed him. He began to fear that his costly garment might inflame envy, and the precious rings on his fingers expose him to danger. Displacing and concealing the jewels, he exhibited only the inside or lining of his robe. With similar prudence did he shun the habitations, and as often as he was able, even the presence, of men. But such wisdom has inversely its inconveniences; for it happened that, not daring to ask which might be his best and his nearest road, he travelled by the worst and the least direct. Beside this, the most experienced

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pilgrim, abstinent as he may be, requires something to eat and drink. After several days and nights had been consumed in involuntary mortification, the perplexed Benblunderhedd growing thin, weary, and discontent, by good chance saw before him an elderly innocent-looking rustic, quite alone and hard at study. Standing at the point where two branches diverged widely from a larger road, he consulted some book, holding it close beneath his eyes. The poor man was very clean, and his coarse clothing had no holes in it; but surely a coat so old, so thread-bare, so ill-fashioned, so unbecoming, so ungenteel, so provocative of mirth, and derision, and disdain, never yet hung on any other back! "As you seem to doubt so much about your own road," said our young traveller, "I feel little hope that you can tell me which is mine."—"It is my misfortune to be both short and thick-sighted," said the peasant, "and as most folk think, not much cleverer in some other particulars. When I look to the landmarks, or trust to what wayfarers tell me, I continually make mistakes; but this book, containing as it does many infallible directions and an excellent map, always sets me right. The worst is that it requires so much time and care; for whenever I am at all heedless, or in a hurry, or better inclined to my own opinion, I go farther astray than if it had never been opened by me. Pray, Sir, which road may you be going?"—"I am going to Damascus."—"Then you must first turn your face the other way. Damascus lies behind you at present, north eastward, three or four days' journey off. Having little else in this world to care about, I keep my

throat uncut for victuals, psalmody, and some other uses. Yours, with such a garment as that beneath it, is likely to lose both its highest and its lowest notes. No person, without company, has passed unrobbed or unwounded from Damascus since this day month."—"In what direction are you travelling yourself?"—"Why, by one of these roads, to Jerusalem: but till I have consulted my book, I cannot tell which should be preferred." "When the uncertainty is at an end, pray let me be your companion. For, till diverted from my purpose, I also was on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Let me travel by your side?"—"You may travel behind me, if you will; but there are few folk who like my pace. It is not quick enough. Half of my acquaintances laugh at me, and peradventure you may do so too. Seldom have I the luck to please even my best friends. If we go together, you may find need of patience. I can promise nothing more than that I will not intentionally mislead you, and there is no fear at all that my book will mislead me. But I am sometimes rather deaf, always very short-sighted; and as many who have forsaken me or quarrelled with me will tell you, much too sour-tempered for pleasant company."—"No matter! I ascribe this deliverance from the thieves to your intervention, and will follow you obediently as well as thankfully: so whenever you have learnt your lesson from the book, lead on." "Keep as near as you like, but let there be no jostling. Follow in my footsteps, but do not tread upon my heels."

A long journey, if the country be barren or diffi-

even worse fed, terribly frightened, and altogether out of his way. Though not quite oblivious of the apprehensions and perplexities which he then endured, he dismissed all those compacts, and promises, and good resolutions so hastily made at the first cross-roads, expressing his present sentiments with very little reserve indeed. "Put up your book, old Stupid, and march along. Those eyes and brains are hardly sufficient to distinguish breakfast from supper: so why should you perplex them with any other kind of learning?" Anger, on an empty stomach, seldom retains its good manners. Each felt very little restraint from their interposition while confessing his contempt for the other; and the only particular in which they could still contrive to agree was the uselessness of complaisance. The younger traveller was rich to very little purpose if he must creep like a foot-boy behind such a master. He possessed great wealth at Aleppo; he expected still greater at Jerusalem: after his rings had been replaced, and his garment turned right side outwards, he seemed to himself no small person even here. But this dim-sighted booby cared no more for ermine than for calf-skin. "I will sleep upon a softer bed than last night's straw" — exclaimed Benblunderhedd, "and after a more digestible supper. So quicken thy pace that, before the sun shall set and the gates be closed, we may reach the city which stands yonder on a hill." — "That city is inhabited principally by drunkards, harlots, and thieves." — "So much the better! No thief will find any great booty if he should steal all thy wits in addition to all thy money. As for the

other parties enumerated, leave them to me." Such colloquies were often resumed, and every day they became less polite. The old guide laughed in turn at what he called harlequin's finery, and mountebank grandeur, thus: "If I were to turn my coat inside out, I should not make people think much better of my honesty; and there seems very little other advantage, as the two sides, being from the same cloth, are just alike."—"By thine own account, do people think thee a clown, a blockhead, and, being a mule, the son of a jackass—who has not learnt wit enough from his book to be dishonest, and therefore no rogue yet."—"Is this the reason that my lord displays his rings and his robes? Are they safe only with the stupid? Why should he take all these pains to make a fool wonder? What other wise man tries so hard that he may fashion a silk purse out of a sow's ear?"—"If noblemen keep such swine, it is for their bacon. Could I get rid of thee, or do without thee, I would first whip the bristles off thy back. Those ears of thine should be pulled longer than a silk purse."—"Another nobleman of the same kind was fain to turn pig-driver for hire, and to fill his belly by robbing the swine of their husks. If I thought that my lord might return home at last, I would have him walk by the light of his own lantern. One great truth it may lead him to, but not there, nor in Jerusalem."

While the companions were complimenting one another with such controversial courtesies as these, they arrived at a narrow foot bridge, and saw that, on the farther side of its stream, two roads branched right and left. According to custom, the old guide

pulled out his book, wiped his spectacles, and placed himself on the bridge's single plank, so that no passage was possible for any other person. Benblunderhedd, doubtful whether the victory were so decisively on his side as might have been expected between stupidity and wit, commanded Simpleton to move off and make room. Not being obeyed, he snatched his book out of the guide's hand, and threw it into the river. The poor man, enraged at an injury more cruel, and a loss more calamitous to him than any other could have been, struck his assailant upon the breast. Benblunderhedd, forgetting the forbearance due to age, disregarding his promises and obligations, would have thrown the proprietor after the property, had not old Stupid taken advantage of his position, and fled along the plank. Even as it was, the infuriated aggressor followed his retreating enemy with kicks and maledictions, till those thin garments were rent into tatters, and those deaf ears almost blown from their head.

Our pilgrims, taking different ways, never saw each other again. The younger reached that great city of which he had spoken, as the sun was setting. Next morning, as the sun was rising, he departed from it, having left his robes with the thieves, his rings with the harlots, his brains with the drunkards, and the remainder of his property divided not unequally among them. All united in wishing him a pleasant journey; but not till they had indulged in some familiarities with his nose and ears as corrective of inattention; and broken his pilgrim's staff across his shoulders for treating them with disrespect.

He inquired in vain from every person he met the way to Jerusalem, as no one knew it. Some laughed at him, others of a severer temper cursed him and kicked him. It was not permitted that the old guide should take all these privileges to his own share. Many days, some weeks, were consumed among mountains and deserts in robbing the birds of their berries, the swine of their husks, and the bushes of their brambles.

At last, by the light of the moon, he found himself upon the sea shore. A ship was under sail, and a boat passing to it. When he so passionately entreated the sailors that they would hear and pity him, that they would take him on board, that they would give him a passage to Joppa, if they were sailing to Joppa; they asked him where he kept his purse, for by that light they could see neither pockets upon his coat, nor coat upon his shoulders. Yet with the professional good humour which is alway pickled by sea salt, they put back, received him into their boat, and transferred his hunger and nakedness where some scores, almost as ill-clothed and ill-fed, crowded the ship's deck. The only thing he could get from them in the dark, was permission to lie down and fall asleep.

So sound were his slumbers, now safely enjoyed for the first time during many months; so swift and easy was the ship's motion, driven along smooth water by favourable winds, that hardly those maritime noises on entering port — the plunging anchor, the descending and still fluttering sails, the passengers preparing to disembark — could have dis-

turbed him, if unassisted by the imperious commander's demand of pence for his passage. Rising and rubbing his eyes, he promised the Hydriot autocrat solemnly, that penniless as he was then, sevenfold payment should be made on their return from Joppa to Aleppo. "What, not awake yet?" said this distrustful creditor, with something between a cuff and a shake, "you mean Aleppo to Joppa. We are at Aleppo now. If you were not among the pilgrims from Jerusalem, some of my mischievous boat's crew must have thought that we had hardly yet beggars enough on board." Benblunderhedd had taken a short voyage in the wrong direction, and a long journey in every direction except to Damascus first, and to Jerusalem afterwards. But though he now found himself in a place well known to him, he was not yet at home. Those slaves whom he had sent back to Aleppo, and had so largely commissioned to transact his business there, took care, in preference, of their own. Spreading a report that their old master had died through sickness, and their young master through robbers, they appropriated his effects. His two grandfathers meanwhile in Jerusalem, hearing no better tidings about him than these, selected other heirs. The slaves were gone to Constantinople, where our pilgrim dared not follow them; the grandfathers to heaven, where he could not follow them; the merchandise and the inheritance were as irretrievable as the robes and the rings.

Want, rather than compunction, conducted Benblunderhedd to the little monastery, in the library of which our abridged history will be found at length,

if found anywhere. He would become a monk. The venerable superior recommended that he should first set out on another pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but this time, unburdened by robes and jewels. “Quitting,” said he, “the high road to Damascus, when three or four days’ journey on this side of that city, cross unfrequented valleys, mountains, and forests, till thou shalt have arrived at a second high road running between Damascus and Jerusalem. If, on your way, you should find my old companion, an honest peasant, rather stupid indeed, rather deaf, very shortsighted, and most exceedingly pig-headed, profit by his guidance. Let me confess that it was no easy matter to please him, or to escape his reproaches; but without such uncivil, and ungracious, and often as they seemed unreasonable severities, I should never have reached Jerusalem at all. He will have his own way, go at his own pace, and speak in his own language. Yet ignorant and dimsighted though he be, he never errs as long as he consults a book — a book always either ready in his hand or carried in his bosom. Because he seems so timid, the good man is called derisively by a female appellation — *Conscience*; and his book, because it is the chief, the wisest, and the holiest of books, he calls the *Bible*.

I have introduced this little history as an apologue illustrative of opinions for which there is now no room. To the last half century of the Roman republic belong names once so loud and terrible that the earth still rings with them. Nineteen hundred years have heard their echo pealing through

every generation, not much fainter than in the first. We read of those who bore them; and, in some cases, we read what they themselves wrote. Their words are as eloquent as ever, their thoughts as fresh, as critical, as politic, as impressive. But there was not one of these majestic spirits, though by turns governing or instructing mankind, which maintained its own dignity unimpaired so long as seven years. All, in less than seven successive years, succumbed to temptations, or apprehensions, or solicitations, which our least distinguished compatriots would despise. Every provincial city in this country contains more integrity, moral and political, than did Rome with her million and a half. Learning their habits and principles, social, domestic or patriotic, not from each other's accusations merely, but from their own defences and excuses, what fickleness among the steadiest, what feebleness among the wisest, what treachery and dishonesty, desperate attempts, and despondent retractions among the noblest, the proudest, and the bravest! We are now neither greater than they were nor stronger, but we have a far clearer discernment between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, honour and disgrace. Whence did we gain this? I must refer you to my apologue.

CHAPTER II.

IT was become necessary to determine whether I should accompany Cicero, or remain behind him with my sick friend. The orator's journey could be no longer deferred; but poor Bartholomew required a nurse as well as an interpreter. The compassion of Sosthenes was quickened by memory reverting to his own early griefs. It grew stronger from that bitter aliment which so commonly poisons our affections in the world above, turning sympathy to selfishness. He loved Bartholomew, because he and I alone could either pity him or help him. But there was no common language for their use; and few besides the sick can fully understand how distressing may be this want. Mr. Horncastle did his utmost to shun observation. He retired as often as he was able from those vast halls and chambers, in which he could find nothing domestic. Their ceilings were too high above his head, their walls too distant behind his shoulders, their statues and pictures offended and sometimes, I think, affrighted him. Once, being asked by me to what purpose he would apply the apartment in which we then were, if at home and his own property, he said that he would build a house near one end, and a storehouse near the other, leaving space enough for the tax-cart and tilted waggon to stand between them. The Castleton cavern itself, except in cleanliness, was hardly so

little like his little parlour. Alas ! from me, more watchfully than from any one else, did he creep away to the shadiest and quietest places within his reach. Sosthenes distressed me by saying that, three or four times, after those convulsive and long protracted fits of coughing, the ground had been stained by blood !

But I knew that my proposal to continue with him for his help or comfort, would have been disdainfully rejected. There seemed some fresh accession to a distrust of me so unfortunate for us both. It was through my importunities that he had left his malt-house crane unfixed, and his bride at Whiteford Mill unmarried. Since our colloquy upon the hill-top, I had ventured once more to remonstrate against such injustice. The blue shadow continually deepening and extending around his eye-lids, would have extorted any sacrifice or humiliation to regain his confidence. And then, indeed, though not without some hesitation, he did soften toward me a little ; he even walked abroad supported by my arm, and said that “peradventure he might soon be heartier than at present, but if not, he should become more like Alexander the Great.” When I spoke of the Congress, and of the immediate preparation for a journey that we might attend it, he seemed rather pleased than otherwise, saying, “Get thee gone with thy philosophers, Antony. Thou mayst ride on Cicero’s back, like Punch in his puppet-show, to a fair. Or if thou art what I suspect, they may all travel together on thine. There will be old squealing among you in Latin and Greek. Unless forced, not

one step shall I take with such company. We are got to Hades, it seems, already ; where next ?”

LUGWARDINE.

I am unwilling to leave you here, Mr. Horncastle, without either of those languages, till better health shall render them less necessary.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Why, if I had these, and twenty more, they would hardly get for me what I want. Prithee try thine own learning with the doctor. Buy for me against this cough, an ounce of senna or a pennyworth of Spanish-juice.

LUGWARDINE.

It is impossible for me to foresee how long I may be detained in Greece, and therefore how long the interval before we shall meet again.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Then make up thy mind to tarry there till I shall come for thee, or send for thee. It is not impossible for me to guess something nearer the mark about that.”

Cicero saw that such a separation, at such a time, would be cruel. With his habitual urbanity, he directed that unremitting attention might be paid to Bartholomew’s wishes ; and proposing that I should accompany himself no farther at present than the city gates, he left Acilius for my guidance as soon as these duties were fulfilled, and I could follow.

CHAPTER III.

THOUGH not ignorant of Cicero's estimation in this immutable republic, so unlike its prototype—a republic ungoverned by laws or magistrates, yet without liability to disorder,—the attendance upon him, when commencing his journey, greatly surprised me. Besides the millions of spectators, its own members would have constituted no inconsiderable army, however otherwise unlike one. Yet were those accompaniments altogether wanting there, which usually crowd the movements of greatness in this upper world, either to expedite and facilitate, or to embellish them. We had neither carriages, nor horses, nor servants, nor luggage. I did not see so much as that indispensable appendage to humanity, a carpet-bag.

Whether, as more consistent with the grandeur and sovereignty of Rome, that its highest representatives should depart separately to this intellectual convention ; or, as I rather supposed, because by no possible arrangement could the same honours be conferred on two persons together as on each of them alone ; every patrician's march was distinct from his colleagues, though thronged by friends, freedmen, and, as I must still describe them, clients and dependents. Other of these guests, if they had been connected with the Republic only as citizens, departed privately and together. But a commonwealth always

should consider the creations of its own will, the magistrates selected by its own preference, as not substitutes merely, but integrals expressing and concentrating its own dignity. Cæsar, preferring the water as far as its current might carry him in the right direction, was attended by more than five hundred galleys, the least and the least gorgeously decorated of which would have far outshone Cleopatra's barge upon the Cydnus. Cato was an exception. His pride in both worlds pleased itself with such stoical contrasts ; therefore he left the city unobserved and unaccompanied but by three or four friends.

Our exode yielded to no other. From among more than as many senators as ever assembled at one time in the senate house, but all contemporary with Cicero, fifty or sixty were of consular, proconsular, or prætorian dignity ; besides subordinate magistrates, greatly more numerous, each entitled to his rods and axes. Perfect as was the order of our procession, there seemed but little need for previous arrangement. I observed no other forethought than that the principal figure in it should so walk as to be unscreened by the too great proximity of his nearest friends. The silence of so many millions at first awed and distressed me. There seemed in it more of reverence than of affection ; no haste, no tumult, no eagerness ; no intruder jostling his fellows, no footstep stamping and staggering upon the pavement. If they had been less unsubstantial, I might have heard the rustling of their garments or the breath from their nostrils. The throbbing in my own temples and bosom I did hear. But such stillness could not be misinterpreted

when the order had become complete and the march began. Hymns from myriads of voices seemed, at one moment, to reach and penetrate the firmament, at the next, to commence there and descend from it. Again is proved the perfection of those choirs disciplined to grace and harmony by two thousand years. Their tones are blended, divided, contrasted, accumulated; now ringing in my ears as if close around us; now replying as from a distance, that no other living man has heard, or will ever hear, melodies like these.

Walking with Acilius at eight or nine paces distance behind the orator, only once, and then only for a moment, could I see his countenance. He passed on majestically, as if conscious that he had either governed or guided this mighty people — and for a time between three bloody usurpations, had regained their liberties. Once he turned; nor is it possible for me to doubt that his eyes were in search of mine. Yes, I understand the question proposed by that look! Infinite as is its variety in other parts, still the chorus, returning from excursions among heroes who have subdued, sages who have instructed, lawgivers who have controlled mankind, repeats a title higher and holier than any other — still it calls him the father and the saviour of his country. This is indeed glory! Myriads of hands are elevated towards the skies, myriads more are stretched out towards the orator — but excepting those songs and my quick breathing all is silent. What conqueror ascending the capitol among the neighing and prancing of horses, the rattling and jingling of spoils and arms — stunned by obscene jests, scurrulous ballads,

vociferous and derisive acclamations — joy, grief, insult, applause, — could compare his triumph with a solemnity like this!

The spectators approached no nearer on either side than was necessary for the scattering of their flowers before our feet. It seemed as if still greater crowds awaited us at and beyond the city gates: for gates there were, vast portals bearing ancient names, adorned with triumphal emblems and inscriptions, and certainly, in this unwarlike world, neither serving nor pretending any other purpose. Unlike those to the ancient temple of Janus, as peace never was interrupted, they were never closed. Conducting us some short distance beyond these, the senators and other chief magistrates left our ranks, turning round, and as they passed by Cicero to retrace their steps, gravely saluting him with faces lowered. The choirs ceased, the crowd dispersed; only the orator's domestic friends and attendants, who were yet counted by many hundreds, remained behind. But I was assured that his return would be welcomed with yet statelier pomp and more elaborate magnificence. The choice was now proposed whether my separation, under the guardianship of Acilius, from this learned company and their illustrious leader, should be here; or whether I would ascend with them the hills before us, and after having rested on their summit, return to my sick friend. Even if Acilius had not recommended this last preference, my eagerness would have been the same.

CHAPTER IV.

WALKING now at greater ease, and separated with Acilius from the rest, I observed to him that, “exalted as was our admiration of M. Tullius — of his genius, his patriotism, his moral excellence — we in the upper world should consider such honours profuse, if not excessive. Not one of those three titles to reverence was without some considerable abatement. His genius, if pre-eminent, was not solitary — if unequalled, it was not uncontested. As we possess his confidential epistles, we can hardly acknowledge this undisputed patriotism to have remained always exempt from selfishness, or these social energies and affections from insincerity. Cicero was distinguished from almost all great men of whom we know much, by one negative virtue so rare that human nature blushes while it is announced — he had no envy. If he loved praise, he was hardly less liberal in dispensing it. And this was not the vulgar traffic which looks so watchfully to its own side of the bargain. He commends publicly and privately, with freedom and discrimination. But, to confess the truth, we feel no great respect for his courage, his constancy, his disinterestedness, or, when pressed and endangered, even for his honour.” — “Memory so irretentive,” said Acilius, “requires a continual repetition of the same reply. Consider that our public rewards are for public benefits — that we have no

concern with any man's virtues or vices distinct from them. Virtue and vice are subject to another law than our censure, far more just, rigorous, and effective. Cicero never forgets, never can forget, what he may have done, or proposed to do, be it good or ill. Why then should we interfere? Yet during nineteen hundred years, his virtues have grown greater, his vices less. Whichever half of our moral nature prevails, must gradually consume the other half. Light for ever becomes more luminous to the dispersion of darkness; or darkness thickens and blackens in its intensity to the extinction of light. Something like this has its beginning in your world. Even there, you are never stationary, though the current on which you float may not always run, as it does with us, in the same direction. If other of his contemporaries had left their epistles for your perusal — perhaps the comparative estimate would have appeared as much to Cicero's advantage in this particular as in the rest. Whenever a great statesman's disclosures are all creditable to him, feel quite sure that he has imposed upon his correspondents. With the influence of Cicero was complicated the existence of freedom. It had been easy for him to retain his personal integrity by sacrificing the public welfare. Unhappily they stood opposed, and no wisdom could reconcile them. You who boast of clearer light and safer guidance, tell me this — may we prefer our own interest to the interest of the commonwealth; our own honour and self-approbation to the public safety? Is selfishness holier than patriotism? If it be generous to make an offering of our fortunes and our lives for the community, is it ignoble to devote a sacrifice

so much more precious — as our reputation, our integrity, our self-applause? Besides this, every great man must be estimated with some reference to his age and its opinions, his contemporaries and their habits. No doubt, he is so much the more great as this abatement is the less needed. But in our time, and in the loftiest minds, ambition had its reflux from grandeur to grossness. Remember Cæsar's libel on Cato — false, cruel, dishonourable to the dead; and written long after Cato's superiority in patriotism could have provoked danger or offence. These crimes are nothing to us. But it is something to us that the republic was saved by Cicero from a far more intolerable tyranny than that of Marius, that Rome was not first consumed by flames. What other Roman has done so much for his country as this? One has saved it — more than one has helped to save it — but not from dishonour. Many citizens have extended its dominions, augmented its glory, confirmed its supremacy — but, his providence, and (whatever you may think) his courage, preserved it from the worst of all possible calamities, the tyranny of the base.

LUGWARDINE.

No other example has descended to us so strongly marked of that common injustice in which the wise partake as freely as the foolish. Both kinds remember some weakness, some absurdity, some petty and unconsequential vice, with far greater distinctness than the most atrocious crime. Nay, they often despise it and resent it with far greater severity.

Though the history still remains, not one reader in twenty remembers Antistia's death, familiar as he may be with her husband's victories. Such was my own case. Yet we all deride Cicero's vanities, harmlessly playful as they were, freely confessed and ingenuously enumerated. All repeat a verse or two, written in his own high commendation, ludicrous enough for good-humoured mirth, of which he, if present, would have partaken. We should remember the pleasant description given by him of his return from Sicily and his quæstorship. But it is safer for a great man's reputation, that he should wear his black garment half covered with blood, than too many spangles distributed over his white one. Our thoughts are still suffered to visit this infirmity of Cicero with more contemptuous displeasure, than Cæsar's libel against Cato, or Antistia's madness. Cicero loved mirth; and indulged in that kind of pleasantry which proves him to have been neither proud nor malignant. Nothing written by Aristophanes is more comical than his description of Piso's countenance addressed to Piso himself.

ACILIUS.

You punish vanity with the more remorseless contempt, because it seems like a trespass upon your own territories. In great crimes you may have no participation: the encroachments of self-conceit are resisted the most angrily and strenuously by the most self-conceited. But leaving Cicero's statesmanship, if we were asked what Roman had accomplished

the greatest things in diminishing that intellectual disparity between Rome and Greece, which we immediately, rather than cheerfully, confess; what Roman had done the most, and in the most ways, for the civil glories of his country, — we should all point at him. He stands first in our philosophy, our literature, our criticism, our eloquence. It is nothing to the purpose that Caius Julius might have equalled, or as some think, have surpassed him in the same pursuits, he has not done either: yet C. Julius enjoyed at least as much leisure for study uninterrupted by public duties, till past the middle of life. One half of our countrymen abhor Cæsar's dictatorship; and it is the noblest half. The ruin of liberty was inevitable; so is the death of our parents; but if we hasten this natural necessity, or become the agents through whom they die, are we not murderers? He who abridges the freedom of his country by a single hour, is a matricide. In Cæsar's case, her curse was turned aside by the ambiguous equivalent which he repaid with universal empire. Among all those millions seen by us so lately, you would not find a single person, impious or infamous as he himself may have been, who accuses Cicero of any such crime.

LUGWARDINE.

I cannot disentangle my mind from the perplexities of two systems so unlike each other, as yours and ours. A punishment without an accuser, without a judge, a witness, or any one to punish, is scarcely conceivable.

ACILIUS.

Keep this present and ready in your memory, and it will serve to answer a hundred questions. According to the usual sense of that word, we never punish. Memory and conscience are the avengers. We shun, we detest ; when least offended we withhold applause : but Cinna, Sylla, Marius, Clodius, Catiline, Cethegus, Gabinius, Piso, are here quite as safe and free as you or I. Several of them I saw, since we left Cicero's house, among the spectators ; and could any poet multiply torments in his imaginary hell more afflicting than theirs ? Is it possible that you should have expected to find chains and scourges here ?

LUGWARDINE.

Without looking for them, I was very near the discovery. My ankles burned and ached by anticipation with the fetters—my shoulders smarted and tingled with the whips.

ACILIUS.

You have not yet visited any of our theatres : but we possess many admirable actors, some perfected under the tuition of Roscius, who might have learnt more from your face than from his lessons. That of Piso, to which you have referred, never could have looked more intensely sorrowful. You are perfectly right in your supposition, that no one more than Cicero loves a jest. Alexander remembers his old method of extorting truth from terror. There were but two persons present at that comedy, your-

self and your companion, who did not assist its plot; and your companion had more than an equal share of pleasure from it as a spectator. But mirth has forsaken his countenance, followed by health. The change there surprises all of us, and afflicts Sosthenes. What occasions this dejected air? Your introduction of life into these regions seems hardly so prodigious as will that of death seem, if the rose-coloured philosopher shall die."

Before I could subdue the mortification arising from such a discovery that all my learning and wisdom had been thus lightly regarded; and that, instead of standing among these philosophers upon an equal footing, I was their laughing-stock, we were called for by Cicero. The whipping itself, administered unjustly as it must have been, and through a mistake, seemed hardly so painful. Well was it for me that Mr. Horncastle could know nothing of this dupery, or he would have believed in both.

CHAPTER V.

THE company was now broken into little groups, and every one selected such companions as he preferred. They were widely scattered both right and left, appearing and disappearing as the shadows or the sunshine fell upon them—but all advancing in the same direction, and ascending continually to higher ground. The only thing which these Manes seemed unable to remember was that living bodies might feel fatigue. Without haste or effort, their own strided rapidly along, quite inattentive to my distress, or as I sometimes thought, amused by it. Acilius had made me distrustful. Our pace was so quick, and the ascent in many parts so steep, that I must have lagged behind if the most eloquent of tongues had not captivated my attention by its gaiety at one moment, and its wisdom at the next. I ventured to complain that the representation, so recently given by him of my country and its institutions, was not just. He answered that my own account of them, without including its contradictions, would have appeared less favourable; and that hardly any man acquiesced in another person's representations of what he loved.

Though we continued to ascend, and in some parts only by an effort, there were also great stages or terraces comparatively level. Every half hour discovered some scene widely different from the last,

and as I thought while we continued in it, yet more enchanting. Treading there ankle-deep on elastic moss, we passed through groves unencumbered below by a single bush or branch, yet more loftily over-arched than a cathedral's pavement. We then saw before us long and verdant glades concealing their boundaries, if they had any, among a labyrinth of flowery thickets in some parts; of rocks, grottoes, gushing fountains, and small glassy pools in other parts; so varied, and complicated, and dispersed, that twenty companies, each larger than ours, and each ignorant of another's proximity, might have established themselves among their recesses.

Rapidly as we advanced, wherever there was a sufficient opening for the prospect to be seen behind us, Rome still glowed and sparkled as if we could not leave her. The activity of many hours appeared to remove us but little from those domes and towers, neither dissolving the statues upon their roofs, nor confusing the columns beneath their porticoes. Diminished they were, but not indistinct. The imperious mother seemed to remind her children, that after having satisfied their truant and holiday curiosities elsewhere, they must discontinue their sports, remember their duties, and return to her.

When, at last, we reached the summit of this long and often steep ascent, I felt still greater surprise that Cicero should have chosen the only fatiguing road, as certainly it was not the nearest. He might have passed more quickly, as well as easily, round its base either to the right or left. I now discovered that we had climbed the single mountain seen from

Rome, which was higher, very greatly higher, than any ground yet traversed by me in this world, higher by half than the long range of hills over which the city had been first approached. But I was amply indemnified by that condescension which so courteously accounted for the haste and excused the labour. “We have no more than sufficient time,” said Cicero, “before the rain shall fall and my guidance must dismiss you, to look upon the two greatest and most enlightened nations of mankind, at almost the same moment. This we may do by only turning our heads. Had we arrived here a little later, the prospect would have been darkened; and before the return of sufficient light, I must have transferred this gratification to some one else. Behold in that purple haze the mountains of Greece! We are nearer to them, than we should have been to the regions they represent in your external world, by less than half the distance; and here the power of vision is extended, not only through a purer atmosphere, but by the earth’s concavity, which raises distant objects higher and still higher, like benches in a theatre, proportionably with their remoteness. Yet the external world, continually disencumbered of its deciduous population as it is by death, cannot contain even yet half as many inhabitants as dwell in the space between those hills and us. There are more nations, and tribes, and families upon the declivity above which we stand, than supplied to Xerxes his fleets, his armies, and his flatterers.

“But you must not expect any other correspondence in situation, or resemblance in character, than such

as fancy may have suggested under the guidance of chance. You must not look for the barren ranges of Apulia, or the blue waters of the Adriatic. In their place behold regions as fruitful and diversified as those which you have already traversed, sustaining their millions abundantly and luxuriously, yet scattering upon the earth more than half their produce. What we now call Cephalonia is south of Zacynthus; and both are surrounded by dry ground. Athens is west of Lacedæmon, hidden from us by the mountainous ranges which interpose; but in each the people are congregated, the nation is together, the opinions, the characters, even the countenances, are unchanged. If your eyes are not much feebler than mine, they may discern a narrow ridge, lower and lighter-coloured than the mountains right and left; on that stands Corinth. I see the citadel sparkling like one of old Corinth's own sea-birds formerly, though, from this distance, not so large."

I too saw what was pointed out, a brighter speck relieved prominently by the purple-tinted shades beyond it. But not even on Greece, not during a single moment, could my eyes repose. Every nearer and more distinguishable object before me, was new, wonderful, and dissimilar to the next, especially in its colours: brooks and rivers softly tinged with all those lights, more tender, and sometimes even more vivid than while resting upon the objects they reflected: cataracts falling from the rocks into diminutive lakes, diminutive as seen from so great a distance, but large enough for their proportionable islands, promontories, capes, and bays: high and

naked cliffs, dark and solemn forests, banks sunny, airy, happy in the lustre of their own herbage, and recesses close beside them so tranquilly sacred that conscience and remorse might fear to enter. While I remained still speechless through admiration, the lights faded, the colours deepened, the distant objects disappeared, the sun looked down upon us as if half-smothered by its halo. Some few steps only were sufficient to withdraw us from the rain-drops, and to place us under boughs abundantly provided with foliage for our shelter and fruits for our refreshment.

CHAPTER VI.

AN effeminate but malicious-looking person, middle-aged, not seen by me before, attracted my attention through the impatient restlessness of his deportment, which appeared the more offensive and remarkable because all our other companions were so gay. He skulked about; but came seldom near enough for communication even with those who stood from us the most remote. Observing at the same time a sudden change to silence and discomposure in Cicero, I asked Acilius whether that stranger always appeared as uneasy as at present? "He stands aloof," I said, "like some threatened sheep-dog in our world, uncertain whether his offended master will forgive him, or throw a stone at him. Why should he have obtruded his ill-timed and ill-natured melancholy on our enjoyment? Why, like one who can neither partake in the cheerfulness of his associates, nor detach himself from their neighbourhood and remain alone, does he continue there?" "He has no associates," said my guide, "and though of consular rank, you see that he has neither lictors nor any other attendants. Even the force of habit, so irresistible in this world, seems to be almost impotent where he is concerned. He alone has not one follower. The sordid garment which conceals his nakedness, is thrown to him, rather through shame or scorn than compassion, by his mother, his sister, or his wife.

Behold the fascination of memory ! But in this case the serpent does not attract, he is himself the attracted. Nor may we ascribe the subtile influence to a tongue which charms every one else : for it affects not him as he never hears it. You see A. Gabinius, the licentiousness of whose consulship, unveiled even by that scanty reserve, which, during twelve months, policy, if not decency, generally imposed upon the most profligate, was its least disgrace. Confederate with Piso his colleague, and with Clodius the Tribune, he was powerful enough first to banish Cicero's friends and then himself. While the orator's houses were in flames, his statues and columns openly carried away by these magistrates to their own as spoils ; his wife, noble as she was, dragged before their tribunal ; his son hidden from their assassins in a temple ; these two consuls were publicly congratulating each other at their banquets that the one had avenged Catiline his friend, and the other Cethegus his kinsman. They were equally eager with Clodius in accomplishing the ruin of a man whom they had hitherto so much feared.

“ But time is not always forgetful of justice, though he so often comes to us without her. Gabinius was recalled from his province by the senate, was accused of many capital crimes against the republic, and had to sustain three unanswerable impeachments at once ; the first for treason, the second for tyranny, the third for plunder and corruption. Ruin was inevitable if Cicero had retained his silence : no other living man could have saved him. His defence of Gabinius, his patronage of guilt, was not through

magnanimity, nor compassion, nor disdain, but to gratify Cn. Pompeius and C. Julius, who had promised the traitor their protection. Scarcely less disgraceful were the attempts, so often repeated, to excuse it."

LUGWARDINE.

In what manner?

ACILIUS.

Why, by the necessity which constrained him to determine between his own honour and his country's welfare, — his personal integrity, and the liberty of the republic. If this joint application had been resisted, Pompeius would have assumed the dictatorship. You see that I too am absorbed by this vortex of discordant motives, which confounds and carries away together right and wrong; that I condemn at present principles as dishonourable, which so short a time ago were justified by me as patriotic! Since this knot is so hard, let us leave it. Memory, the terrible avenger here, will never suffer these unreconciled and ill-assorted statesmen to live long asunder. While Catiline, Cethegus, Piso, Clodius, with their old partisans and confederates, hide themselves both from Cicero and one another, — Gabinius, the reconciled Gabinius, follows him at a distance, or contrives to cross his path when least expected, though they never speak, nor approach near enough for words, nor look a second time in each other's faces."

Perhaps it was to disengage himself from this humiliating presence, that Cicero rose almost before the rain had ceased; hastily selected some eight or ten friends and attendants, dismissing the rest; and placed me under the patronage of Acilius, with earnest injunctions to recommence our journey as soon as my companion might spare me. “If possible, bring with you the sick philosopher,” said he; “consider what expectations you will have excited, and among whom. Acilius, farewell!”

CHAPTER VII.

WE descended in a direction to the right of what I should call our former path, if any trace, so much as from any footstep's pressure excepting mine, could have remained during one moment upon the herbage. So light were the feet, and so vigorous the vegetation here, that flowers lifted their blossoms again with unbroken stalks, as soon as the traveller had gone beyond them. Detaching ourselves from the companions who had received their dismissal at the same time, we passed through districts crowded with people idle and yet silent in some places; then through solitudes, in other places, undisturbed as a Nabathœan oasis. There is no spot lighted by the sun and moon quite inaccessible to birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, or insects, unless it be so hot or so cold that we men must partake in the exclusion. But here, wherever men were not, animal life was absent. Even still I am unable otherwise to account for the inconceivable myriads which filled and crowded some preferable districts, as if whole nations had congregated in a single province, while other regions, equally pleasant and fruitful, were forsaken, than by the same great law which governed every thing else. Men were drawn together by memory and the affections it awakened. In solitude, their reflections were often painful, or unsatisfactory at least through vacuity.

I asked my companion how it happened that I had

seen those Romans only whose lives belonged to the three last centuries of the republic? Where resided the men of virtues less incorrupt, and of achievements not less patriotic? Had the people erected no palaces or temples in honour of Romulus and Numa, Camillus and Regulus? Acilius replied that their palaces, or as I more properly represented them, their temples, had not been pointed out, because my knowledge of their history appeared to be less familiar, and must be proportionably incorrect. That they themselves never remained in Rome, and seldom visited a city the grandeur and luxury of which ill-accorded with their simpler habits. That however reverentially they might be received there, they could have nothing in common with their descendants suggested by memory. That they reside in the presence of their respective generations. But that, excepting Romulus and Numa, who were unapproachably sacred, I should see their kings and several of their republican successors, in my way to Greece.

It has been said that the Romans had no very acute sensibility to the perception of what we now call scenery—picturesque, romantic, or sublime. Certainly they did not employ themselves, to the same extent that we do, in systematic descriptions of external nature, or so carefully elaborate their landscapes as landscapes designed for no other purpose. With them, the scene was subordinate to the figures; with us, the figures enliven the foreground, or ornament the middle-distance. But surely no modern writers have given, in so few words, so many or such graceful and masterly descriptions either of land or sea as

accessory to their subjects. I could not fail to observe the delicacy with which proper situations were chosen for works of art, especially when small. Unless they were connected with another and a larger object as members necessary to its completion, they were detached, they were placed somewhere else, and as far as possible disunited from its remembrance. Before the simple and diminutive were revealed to me, I was always withdrawn from the contemplation of grandeur. I was sure to come upon them in some shadowy recess, no larger proportionably than themselves. So at present, Acilius withdrew my eyes and thoughts from Rome, then accustomed them to narrow glades, mossy banks, unfrequented thickets, till we had reached a little rocky area overhung by vine-branches, through which the crimson light gleamed sparingly in long and slender rays. Relieved by the sober-coloured stones behind it, and moderately elevated on two or three wide steps, stood a female statue, rather delicately than dazzlingly white — that is, nearer to milk than snow. The colour seemed so warmed and softened as not to startle by any discordant contrast with its modest background or simple canopy. There was no other inscription on the base than the single word “Constantiæ.” In this world, we should consider that a journey across half its surface was sufficiently repaid by the sight of beauty and severity so well reconciled. For the sweetest of countenances was discomposed by indignation rather disdainful than angry. That all these emotions must have been casually provoked, was sufficiently shown

by their imperfect agreement with so much gentleness.

ACILIUS.

The people have erected this statue in honour of one whose highest distinction it is that she refused a kiss.

LUGWARDINE.

I would gladly have shown my gratitude in the same way, if she had granted me no more than the hope of one ! If merit were estimated by its difficulties, and any one else had refused a kiss to her, he must have deserved a pyramid. But who is this that has earned national and eternal recompences so easily ? As a very wide distinction is made among us at present between acting and suffering on such occasions, should I understand that she refused to give a kiss or to receive one ? Many of our female martyrs are so scrupulous on this point, that they would rather be kissed twenty times, than kiss once.

ACILIUS.

These inquiries will be best satisfied by my history. Unless you have witnessed how irresistible, except where truth and constancy are mightier than shame and fear, is the combination of multitudes all employed in over-ruling one will by prayers, by threats, by applauses, by reproaches—all vehemently intent on a concession apparently reasonable — friends en-

treating, expectants demanding, spectators insisting—even still the honour may appear disproportionate to the desert. But transferring your thoughts to the period and the occasion, you will see before you Sempronia, the sister of Caius and Tiberius Gracchus, illustrious as such not less in their deaths still recent, than in their ancestral dignity and hereditary greatness. The faction left by them was again become powerful through remorse in some of their adherents; love, sorrow, pity, ambition, indignation, or an inextinguishable though mistaken respect for justice, in others. Again the city had risen; the people had obtained possession of the forum; their demagogues had thrust into the rostrum a youth named Equitius, who audaciously represented himself as the son of their late illustrious leader Tiberius Gracchus, and as prepared to incur the same perils, while demanding for his hearers the same rights. All is confusion, exultation, triumph, joy. Behold, the Gracchi still live!

“To confirm these false pretensions of Equitius their puppet, the tribunes hurry away, enter her house, and seize upon Sempronia’s person—then carry her to the forum, elevate her above the multitude, and placing her side by side with the impostor, require that she should recognise him as her nephew, in the usual manner, by a kiss. Sempronia loved and lamented her brothers—no doubt, she still wished success to that cause in which they had perished. But neither surprise, nor affection, nor the clamours of those expectant myriads could prevail—neither

blandishments nor threats, dangers nor entreaties, applauses at first nor maledictions afterwards. Higher than every thing else was the honour of her family, and her love of truth. Behold with what scorn she repels the pretender, defies the tribunes, and resists the people! Her residence now is in one of those small islands so lately visited by you under my guidance; but the Roman women often deposit the fairest and the most fragrant of their garlands here.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

BOOK XV.

Idem ego, cum subií convexa foramina terræ,
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,
Solicito MANES.

BOOK XV.

CHAPTER I.

WE now prepare to commence a third great era of the world; dividing its history into ancient, modern, and prospective. Even the second of these is already so spotted and rusted by suspicion, that learning employs its industry in shaking out the moths, or in darning, with thread ill-suited to its texture, a hundred holes and rents. If it were not for some incongruity in the two metaphors, I should add that every fact is to be brow-beaten and cross-questioned—every character is to be plucked up bleeding and shrinking, that its roots may be examined and its vitality ascertained. Thus are we moral antiquaries constrained to grieve over associations, which stood like pollard oaks, of no great value for their timber because it was rotten, nor for its bark because it was eaten by the worms—but yet stretching above time's Common some verdant leaves and romantic branches. Perhaps there was no such man as Romulus; if so, no such woman as his mother, and no such nurse as the wolf. If they lived at all, it must have been asunder, and four or five hundred years later than we suppose. King Arthur, with all his peers, we consign respectfully to the Poets. But this is not enough. We are constrained to contend against sceptics worse than

these. Queen Mary's martyrdoms, and Queen Anne's victories are subject to dispute. Queen Elizabeth, that intangible sovereign between the two, may soon melt away into the equivocal unsubstantiality of a myth.

Rhetorical figures are so thickly crowding upon me against my will, as to spoil one another. It seems a just punishment, if I bewilder myself among the phantasmagoria of allegory, since no man else ever disliked them so much. While disputants complain that all language is insufficient for the metaphysical subtilties of thought—all inadequate as a vehicle for its colours and shadows, its refinements and eccentricities—why should I, travelling on level ground, run my head into a bush? It is true that some other too redundant writers make bad worse by their illustrations, darkening the obscure. Figures of speech, which were originally intended to explain our reasons and opinions—like unpractised performers in a new dance, jostle against their partners, and confuse the rest. Skill to write plainly and directly may be numbered among the lost arts. Subjects sacred and profane are so plastered with such garniture, that it is impossible to ascertain their hues, their forms, or even their dimensions.

It should become our study to narrow, as much as possible, the neutral ground which stretches its quagmires between truth and falsehood, so that the boundaries of these discordant potentates may be defined. Yet are we now taught that it signifies nothing to the credibility of a fact, whether the fact be true or false, real or imaginary. “The Lives of

the English Saints," for instance, are just as trustworthy, though it may be contended, and even conceded, that the saints never lived at all. An apology is required for having ventured to shake our own heads at the head of St. Helier while he carried it in his hand. Simple truths—single truths, are like young apple-trees, too slender for self support; so we must engraft them with the grosser substantiality of a lie; fixing around them as props three stout stakes—credulity, superstition, and impudence. If one such miracle as St. Helier's may not have been satisfactorily ascertained, it will help the belief in innumerable other miracles of the same sort, and guaranteed by the same evidence. A thousand fictions opposed to one fact, still count as a thousand to one, which may be called very great odds. As colours are not, optically speaking, in the object, but either in the light or in the eye—so the real truth of a thing, is not in the thing itself, but in the hearer's faith. The hearer's faith is meritorious in its *development* proportionably with the absurdity or the impossibility of the fact proposed.

We have also an opposition company, consisting of historical land-surveyors, with their roods and perches, their theodolites and engineering-chains; who so far differ from these first, that they will believe nothing which has hitherto been believed. They profess geometrical precision: they can map and article the limits of history as confidently as a parish award under the last new enclosure act: they can ascertain, by boring to the lowest substratum, what foundation your house stands upon, and whether the ground

beneath your feet is sound or otherwise. The first of these great companies would convince you, that the more rickety and baseless your ancient habitation — the more crannied, and crazy, and comfortless — the better, the safer, and the stronger. Its extreme decrepitude proves its substantiality : — for, if that which has been falling not less than three hundred years, is hardly come quite down yet, it never will fall. Meanwhile, the historical reformers would make it doubtful whether you have, indeed, lived till lately in any house of any kind ; and it becomes questionable at supper-time whether you have yet either dined or breakfasted since yesterday. Between two such factions, what is to become of me ? How can I feel confident that even this history, which is hardly so much as half complete, may not be criticised and cavilled at by the Chevalier Bunsen's Germans, on one hand ; or sublimated into something only miraculously true by Mr. Newman's Jesuits, on the other ? For all that I can foresee, I may be calendared with the English Saints ; and, therefore, my adventures may receive only the same sort of credit from readers still influenced by common sense, as the saints themselves do. Yet worse is the apprehension that science and scepticism, incandescent professors and historical antiquarians, may unite against me. If an archbishop have questioned the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte, my colloquies with Aristotle and Alexander the Great may be questioned too !

While one's ink is frozen by such discouragements,

it is imprudent to write more. Wiser will it be, till the snow-storm raised by both controversies has subsided, to postpone the second part of my adventures; that part in which I shall relate my reception in Athens, and my position in the Congress there; my travels through the other republics of Greece; then through Egypt, Chaldea, and Persia; concluding all with the very remarkable accident which restored me to my native land.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE ascending to the portico, I was met by Sosthenes. The countenance of this gentle and affectionate Greek prepared me for ill news. I learnt that Mr. Horncastle had seen my departure with the procession; and that, as it was difficult to make him understand by signs the probability of my return, or that he might not be forsaken in his sickness, he had exhibited much indignant scorn. It seems that, declining the kind offices of my informant, he had attempted to climb alone those lofty hills above and behind the city, steep as they were. That hardly had I left in one direction, before his exode was commenced in another. That he rather crawled than walked, stopping and resting at every tenth step, sitting down awhile for the recovery of his breath; nay, when no longer able to stand erect, sometimes travelling upon his hands and knees, and still resolutely persisting, as if life might be regained by reascending the summit. "Eager as he is," said Sosthenes, "and after the expenditure of so much time, he has yet barely accomplished the two first thirds; nor do I think that a sufficiency of life is left him for the remaining third."

Without losing another moment, I followed the freedman's guidance; recommending that, as soon as poor Bartholomew might be overtaken, Sosthenes should disappear. We pressed forward so rapidly,

that in less than an hour and a half, my self-willed friend was seen before us, creeping and staggering along, but, vehemently, intent on his enterprise. Alas, several traces of blood showed that it was not life which he would overtake on the hill-top! The few people by whom he was met, hurried past, or turned from him their faces, as if afraid. So eagerly occupied were his thoughts, that before any intimation or suspicion had reached him of my reappearance, I stood at his side.

LUGWARDINE.

Take the support of my arm, Bartholomew. This exercise requires more strength than you possess at present, and must be mischievous at least, if not worse.

MR. HORNCastle.

Antony Lugwardine again! O fie! How is this? What hast done with thy philosophers? I hoped that I might get far enough, before their return, to be rid of them and thee.

LUGWARDINE.

I shall be able to answer you with more ease after we have rested ourselves among these flowers. My own breath too is exhausted. Pray, Bartholomew, sit down! When I left what we must call our home, it was as a spectator of the procession which conducted Cicero; and, as I shall, hereafter, have to

travel in the same direction, that I might ascertain the road.

MR. HORNCastle.

After having ascertained the road, why not keep in it, and go on? Why quit the procession with its tom-foolery? Thou hast forgotten to give a reason for turning back.

LUGWARDINE.

It was because I had left you here in such ill-health. Let me add that some reserve like discontent—for I will not yet call it unkindness or estrangement—discouraged me from the communication of my design. The truth is, that I apprehended you might not much desire my return.

MR. HORNCastle.

Another truth is, that I did not desire it, either much or little. I have been told one more truth long ago, which is, that whenever Satan can get mounted upon a man's back, he will know how to stick his knees close enough, and ride without stirrups. But I have no mind to carry both or either.

LUGWARDINE.

Both of whom?

MR. HORNCastle.

Nay, that is more than I know, and would fain learn of thee. Single or double, you are one too many at least. Saddle some other horse.

LUGWARDINE.

Too many for what?

MR. HORNCASTLE.

For my nurse, or my poticary. There needs to get a longer spoon before Bartholomew Horncastle will be fed with brimstone-posset.

LUGWARDINE.

Indeed, Mr. Horncastle, I am quite in the dark.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

I would have thee bide there, but without me.

LUGWARDINE.

This language is ill-suited to the occasion and to both of us. Might there not seem more wisdom, as well as more justice and charity, in allowing an opportunity for explanation, supposing any thing to have been misunderstood? If either death or accident must separate us, why should we not part without offence? There is one consolation of which you cannot deprive me. I have never yet returned unfriendly words, or permitted the access of injurious surmises. No ill-treatment shall lessen my respect or my affection for you. If such services are rejected, however scornfully, they shall still be ready.

MR. HORNCastle.

Well, Antony, thou appearest to have all the charity on thine own side of the ledger, and most of the justice. As for the wisdom, it has been my fear of late, that thou mayest prove a hundred-fold the wisest too.

LUGWARDINE.

You never seemed to feel any doubt or fear on that score till now. The hundred-fold hitherto has always counted in your favour.

MR. HORNCastle.

And now there is no time for much argument about the balance. But if I have wronged thee in other matters — and I begin to suspect as much, — it will take a long reckoning before I can set the account straight.

LUGWARDINE.

We may finish it in a minute. Nay, I would rather be made the debtor than not come to a settlement. Let us release one another.

MR. HORNCastle.

How if I should take thee at thy word? It is a satisfactory proposal to set one another free, but what dost ask of me as the equivalent?

LUGWARDINE.

Nothing else than leave to serve you. Trust me so far as to accept my help.

MR. HORNCastle.

It is a bargain, Antony, to this extent, and if there be nothing else left out of sight. So now up with me ! Pull me bodily to the top of this hill.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD looked down ten times, at least, upon the same prospect from the same standing place: the first time, novelty and surprise were accessories to my admiration. Yet never before did the scene appear so solemn and impressive in its magnificence. There could have been no change in the shadows, for they never change; nor in the atmosphere more than once. Perhaps, where the object is indeed sublime, such repetition and uniformity may be suggestive in the augmentation of grandeur; our conceptions expanding because their simplicity is undisturbed, as on the ocean if tranquil, or amidst the wilderness when silent. But, with a still greater probability may this glorious accumulation of whatever art could confer as ornamental, or nature could receive from her, have been coloured and amplified by my own feelings. Poor Bartholomew stood at my side, no longer disputatiously energetic in his conscious superiority. Now reeling and almost speechless through exhaustion, he requires stronger support than that supplied by one arm. Yet would he not sit down there, or stand still, longer than for the recovery of his breath. "Not now, Antony, a little farther on," was his hardly intelligible reply to my entreaties, till we had reached the summit. When there, a large effusion of blood silenced both during many minutes. At length, turning his face towards the city, and requiring

me to sustain him thus, he smiled apparently with much delight. "I am glad to think that I shall never look this way any more," said he: "it will take a stronger man than Alexander, and a wiser one than Aristotle, to get me home with them again, weak and simple as I seem. Come, this is well! A few steps further onward, Antony, till I can have the hill between this huge Nineveh and my back; then will we sit down." Conducting and placing him as he desired, I would have remained silent, even after those convulsive sobs, needed for the recovery of his breath, had abated; but the pleasure at such a deliverance made him talkative.

MR. HORNCastle.

We have only to go down hill now; and I trust that a quiet resting place will be found by me at the bottom of it.

LUGWARDINE.

We shall suffer no disturbance there or here. You need apprehend nothing, either from Alexander or from Aristotle, for they are gone.

MR. HORNCastle.

So am I, too, almost, though not by the same road. Give me but two or three hours' start, and I will defy them to catch me. I fear thee, Antony, more than them. Yet, after having got away from these great houses, I must needs crave thy help to find some spot where the young man Sosthenes shall

dig for me a grave; because he understands my English no better than I do his Greek. Then, being quit of thy charge, thou mayest set off straight-way to follow the philosophers.

LUGWARDINE.

I will never leave you, Bartholomew, though of little use, and no comfort. My good friend shall never get rid of me while we both live.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Nor afterwards, I doubt. It is just what I might have expected to hear!

LUGWARDINE.

This sounds so much like folly, that I could not have expected to hear it from Mr. Horncastle. There was a promise made on the other side of the hill, that we should free each other from distrust.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Ay, if nothing be kept back, or out of sight. Let us come to the point. When we entered into partnership, there were contracts between us, indentures drawn up by myself, which we both signed and sealed, binding and engaging, as far as this venture was the question, each to the other. My hand is there. Now would I give something considerable to be quit of this covenant!

LUGWARDINE.

Our bond is not worth so much as the pen which wrote it, or the ink with which it was written.

MR. HORNCastle.

Well then, should I pay thee twenty times more than ever could have been looked for, — twenty times more than thou didst hope or think to get, — wilt set me free?

LUGWARDINE.

You can give me no equivalent for nothing; and this bond is such.

MR. HORNCastle.

Cancel it then?

LUGWARDINE.

With all my heart.

MR. HORNCastle.

Promises, undertakings, accidental or expected reversions, not only actual but eventual claims?

LUGWARDINE.

Every one.

MR. HORNCastle.

Thou dost acquit me then, Antony, substance and shadow, body and soul?

LUGWARDINE.

I do.

MR. HORNCastle.

Henceforth, whatever may chance, thou hast no demand upon Bartholomew Horncastle?

LUGWARDINE.

None whatever. He is as free as air, substance and shadow, body and soul.

MR. HORNCastle.

Then do I give thee, in requital, the gold, the silver, the copper, the lead, the marble, the precious stones, and whatever else we have jointly gained by our discoveries, to thine own separate use. Nor need I now care so much as for the value of one rush whether thou be indeed Satan's minister, Satan himself, or Antony Lugwardine.

LUGWARDINE.

Satan! Surely my good friend will not ascribe to me such wisdom as his?

MR. HORNCastle.

As to the goodness of *my* good friend, I have had some misgivings. Some scruples did trouble me which were not at all to thy credit. Howbeit, and whichever of the three, I have no mind for such

company this second journey that I am going. Tarry with thy philosophers down here. Our dissolution is as complete as if we had appeared three times in the Gazette. Since we must so soon part, I would spare offence.

LUGWARDINE.

At no time could my displeasure last long. All offence from you at present is impossible, so speak out.

MR. HORNCastle.

It might be counted for ill-manners; and there is no need.

LUGWARDINE.

We spoke lately of such explanations as might end in charity. This is a wrong season for remonstrances, but I grieve that the same injurious misapprehensions which have so long afflicted me, should embitter the last moments we may spend together. If these be the last, they will not end in their effects till there is an end to memory. Bartholomew Horncastle, I never wronged you even in thought.

MR. HORNCastle.

If so, then must I be the transgressor. Yet would I rather suffer wrong than commit injustice. If so, I shall feel sorry for it. Thou hast shown me many kindnesses, as at present, and forbearances times out of number. I have had divers reasons, sleeping

as well as waking, for thinking that peradventure I might mistake. But it is this release, so freely cancelling our contracts, that satisfies me I may have feared thee too much.

LUGWARDINE.

Feared me as what? surely not as the Devil?

MR. HORNCASTLE.

Ay truly, had it not been for this partnership, and for the indentures written with my own hand, I should have feared him no more than he fears me. But who was it that got me into the mine, and into the boat, and through the water? Who enticed me down hither, and then told me that I was in hell? Who showed me gold, silver, precious stones, such as no man on earth ever dreamed of? Who set before mine eyes palaces, temples, and such like buildings, all surpassing thought in glory, and all filled with graven or molten idols? Who brought me among mighty kings and renowned philosophers, counselling me that I should first learn to speak in their tongues, and then profit by their sciences? A man might as well expect to meet with Satan in any shape, as with Alexander the Great. Satan is not dead yet — and I have seen down here other folk, as little looked for, who have been dead two thousand years. Till our acquaintance began, I was prosperous more than most in a little way. Since then, business, property, freedom, with one thing dearer to me yet than all three put together, have melted into moonshine.

But instead, I have been filled here with sweet fruit and pleasant wine, there being nothing to pay. Prithee, tell me for what was all this designed? Though I have seen thee on thy knees, as if in prayer, how could I know whether thou didst not the rather blaspheme? Thou hast cited the Scriptures twenty times, but then it is one of thy privileges to do so. If I had opened my thoughts, and conferred with thee on these doubts, what satisfaction should I have received? Who in his senses would have questioned the father of lies about his own knavery?

LUGWARDINE.

I fear that there may be some doubt left still. But consider whether it is the Tempter's custom to recommend a penitent spirit, if men have done wrong; and a resigned will, if they have suffered for their transgressions; — to preach, as I have done, peace, contentment, submission, humility. Forgive me if I say that we have tempted one another, both offending in the same manner and through the same lusts. Both coveted more wealth than we could want or spend; setting our affections where they have been justly, and perhaps graciously, disappointed. Not till then did this moonshine illumine our prospects that it might first beautify, and next blast them. I will forbear to ask which of us, since then, has endured his chastisements the most impatiently?

MR. HORNCastle.

They were not equal. Besides, one of us only came to Castleton from the world's end, with marvels in his mouth about empty bottles and pistol-bullets. If I have loved business to excess, it was not through covetousness, nor always for my own advantage. Yet is there more truth in thy notions, Antony, than I could have found, or looked for, a year ago. We are apt to walk farther than half way through life even as we had first set out, musing rather on other men's houses while we pass by them, than on the abode we must stop at, and sleep in, when the journey ends. I have never known any one who even tried to do, in all things, as he himself thought best. The kitten that twists about to catch hold of its own tail, is hardly so silly as we are when we wriggle along upon the ground snake-fashion after one another's tails. But dropping this, tell me what dost think? If these old people got down hither when they were dead, may not I make sure to get up again? They all came so many hundred years ago, by thy reckoning, that there can be no back carriage now; but still they must have found it as hard to travel the one way, as I shall find it the other? Poor comfort to tell me that if I must bide here, I shall converse with some among the wisest men ever seen in the upper world: for it may take me as long time to learn Latin and Greek after I am dead, as before — and I have not been taught even the first half of one word yet.

LUGWARDINE.

As we passed through these obstructions while we were in the flesh, surely our spirits cannot be imprisoned by them.

MR. HORNCastle.

Set me upon my legs again, and forgive that I judged of thee amiss.

We shall go well enough to the bottom of this hill, having before us as much time as we want or please. I am hearty enough elsewhere, except that, through weakness, my breath is so short, and that the knees fail — the knees, the ankles, and the small of my back. So, softly at first.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was only by stopping and resting at the end of every minute that our descent could be continued. Never before had time and distance appeared so tedious to me : but here their degrees were seldom counted. Mr. Horncastle had lost not less strength than blood since our march began ; and though resolved to be what he called *stout-hearted*, he confessed his fears more than once that he must soon *give in*. Sosthenes preceding and watching us from a distance, arrested several of the privileged wanderers through these solitudes, whom we otherwise should have met, turning their feet aside. I could see that the illustrious shadows were hasty in their escape from a spectacle which to them must have been so shocking. Three or four who had crossed us unexpectedly, expressed by their countenances, first, astonishment, then pity, grief, and terror. But he who suffered most, and the most precipitately hurried by us without having spoken one word, was that moralist from whose lyre every school-boy has learnt his readiest maxims against the fear of death. I was now confirmed in an opinion neither recent nor inconsiderate, that no other poet has ever been so incessantly overshadowed by the sepulchre as Horatius Flaccus. The comfortless reasons that we should forget it, or not fear it, because it is inevitable, are false as well as ineffectual. These are the most obvious reasons why

we should fear it, and must remember it. His efforts to be sprightly are like those of benighted children passing through a church-yard. But it is such a mixture of grave mirth and gay melancholy — of assumed courage and constitutional terror, which renders three or four short lines equivalent in their effect to as many solemn homilies on death. That “*Victima nil miserantis Orci*,” appeals more pathetically for compassion to our hearts, because the cry, though neither clamorous nor inportunate, awakens from sympathy an echo so like its own distress.

We were obliged to sit down longer than before when scarcely half way. Still Bartholomew was pleased and cheerful. Despite of my remonstrances, he commenced another colloquy with me thus :

MR. HORNCastle.

If any more of these vessels should burst inside, I may lose the race after all. Hold thy tongue, Antony ; I have more to say than thou canst have, and less time. Thou wilt not bide down here long. A cat’s luck is always to light upon her legs ; and it is well known that some men cannot be drowned. Thou wilt see Castleton again. May be, thou wilt become another wonder of the Peak. I have better reasons for believing this than any assurance, either in thy devices or thy deserts. Hast faith in dreams ?

LUGWARDINE.

Very little.

MR. HORNCastle.

A very little is just so much more than mine was formerly. I always looked upon the best of them as not worth the telling or remembering. But if a dream prove true in one half that comes first, what must we say about the other half? While I could sleep, and before this ailment had begun, methought I was standing in our parlour doorway at home, and looking towards the kitchen clock. It marked just half-past twelve, which was our dinner-time. My mother has been dead some little more than thirteen years; yet, did she seem to sit in her own chair by the fireplace, the crisping-irons and needle-work before her. Thinking I might be hungry, or else in haste, she bade our Maid Bridget bring and lay the cloth. Bridget unrolled such an one as if it had been spread over three or four tables larger than ours, still it would have reached the floor. "What hast got there, Bridget Tooth?" said I; "that is not a table-cloth, but a winding-sheet; put it aside." "No matter," said my mother; "let him have it as it is, and dish the meat." "But I will not have it as it is, nor as it is to be," was my reply. Never would my poor mother speak any of her words otherwise than slowly, and at full-length, more especially my two names. So scrupulously heedful seemed she on this point, that once when the chimney-flue was all a-fire, and she thought the house would be burnt down; in calling for help, she grew yet more reserved and circumspect, till nobody could hear her speak at all. While I was a

baby upon her knee, she took as much care to give me my two names in full, as if I had been King George, or King Solomon upon his throne. So at present said she, "Bartholomew Horncastle, thou wilt hunger long, and many a time, without getting meat for thy dinner. Before thou canst see me again, thou wilt lack not only the table-cloth and the dishes, but the table. 'Thou wilt abide awhile where there be many dead, and yet not one winding-sheet.'" Not minding to answer my mother again, and feeling discontent at these words, I went straightway out of doors. While my foot was upon the sill, I saw thee, Antony Lugwardine, coming toward me. Thou didst look pale, leg-weary, out of breath, as if soiled and jaded after long travel. "I have got safe to my own home again; thou, Bartholomew, art going far away from thine; but it will be towards a fairer place." These were thine own words, and though none the surer for being thine, I have such trust in their truth, that I will send by thee a message or two.

LUGWARDINE.

Even if they should miscarry, with myself, there will be no other loss than so much breath; but I wish that Bartholomew Horncastle might spare its expenditure till we arrive at the bottom of this hill.

MR. HORNCastle.

We never may arrive at it, though so near. My testament has been always ready for anything which

should befall me. But thinking that, peradventure, some changes would soon take place at home, Bridget Tooth's name is not in it. Because another mistress might not have so well pleased her as my mother, I minded to remove her elsewhere, settling upon her at once such a sufficiency as would have given content. She is, therefore, not mentioned at all. Tell my executor, Richard Whetstone, that she shall have the cottage for life, with ten pounds half-yearly. He will grant them, I know. Say, besides, that Timothy Brittle, the pewterer, has tried to make me his debtor, and to pay the charge twice over, for having rivetted the old brass lid upon a new warming-pan. His demand, four and ninepence, was paid down upon his counter by myself. There is one small matter more, which has often been in my thoughts since we came hither, and I cannot acquit myself. Isaac Joyce's youngest son, Benjamin, made it his custom to sit astride upon the orchard stile between his school and my house, at half after one o'clock almost every day, watching till I should pass. As I drew nearer and nearer to him, so would he play louder and louder upon his Jew's-harp, staring me full in the face; because he had been told that any such noise is my offence. Vexed, peradventure, too much, I did, at last, catch the harp out of his mouth, trampling it beneath my feet, and giving him a cuff on his ear, with a kick behind. Do thou call at David Wilkinson's, the ironmonger, where thou shalt buy from him the best Jew's harp in his shop. Give it to Benjamin, in my name, with sixpence superadded. The other things,

excepting one of them, I have thought about either in my testament or in its codicil.

LUGWARDINE.

Have you also remembered Ned Smith's ears? They were more roughly handled than the lad's for ringing your store pigs too hard upon the quick.

MR. HORNCastle.

He is down in the codicil for forty shillings or a side of bacon, taking which of them he will. But how shall we recompense this young man, Sosthenes? Pull the purse out of my pocket, — it is on this side, Anthony. Yet I remember that he regards not money, and I would fain be buried in my clothes.

LUGWARDINE.

Sosthenes will be better rewarded by the consciousness, freshening and growing livelier for ever, that he loved his mother, revered his master, and pitied every one who appeared to be unhappy.

CHAPTER V.

THESE directions drew from me fewer smiles than tears. Bartholomew never, in his life, had considered himself a subject for either : and even at the approach of death, he would have preferred derision to pity. Observing the emotion which partly, perhaps, might have excused some silly questions if they had been proposed to any other person, his smiles anticipated mine. When he was asked whether any thing could be procured for him, any thing to give him ease, any thing he might eat or drink, such confused efforts at an escape from the exhibition of distress were met by ridicule. - Yet the compounded slyness and jocularity with which he replied were the most unequivocal indications of his good humour. “ A chicken boiled in rice, if it can be had near at hand, Antony, or a rice-pudding without too much sugar. No ? Well then a neck of mutton, the scrag end, with two or three turnips mashed in milk. Either of these is very good meat for sick folk. But, prithee, be quick, or I may have lost my stomach. Never mind the caper sauce. What, neither of them in the house ? Fetch me, instead, some veal broth, or, coming to the last choice and the worst, a basin of water gruel. See now, like many other people, thou art mighty bountiful till we get near the point ! Come man, if thou hast nothing else to give, give me thy hand,

and set me upright on my feet once more. I shall run through this last stage bravely now."

The descent became less steep, and therefore more easy, as we advanced. Still I felt no very confident hope that Bartholomew might live till he could reach the bottom of it. His own apprehensions of the same kind made him so much more eager and resolute. He found resting places upon the roots of trees, covered as they were by thick moss or dwarf flowers, and running far along the surface, like eagles' talons. So greatly was my poor friend's weight diminished, that I could easily support more than two thirds of it. While his feet barely touched the ground, in this part of our progress, he spoke only by signs. As soon as the fountain could be heard, and he could distinguish that great tree which had sheltered him when life was even less active and conscious than at present, he stretched out his hand pointing towards them. The watchful and gentle Sosthenes met us here with a large cup-shaped blossom full of water. Thus refreshed, and now quite happy, my dying charge was deposited in his old resting-place, under the tree's branches, and against its trunk. So thick and elastic was the mossy herbage, that no other couch could have been easier. Bartholomew felt like one of those wild animals newly caught, that by creeping as near as he could to his cage's door, it might perhaps open and let him out.

As soon as his hands were folded and pressed together upon that part of the body which once had been his stomach, there needed no other sign for our dismissal—than the look so tranquil, so grateful, so

benignant, and so pious. Withdrawing a few paces with Sosthenes, and leaving our charge undisturbed to his meditations, I sat down by the water's margin. Silence was rendered more perceptible and impressive by such faint interruption as its murmurs. Thus unhurried might the peaceful spirit prepare and expand her pinions for departure. We had selected a spot, though out of Bartholomew's sight, so near to him that the slightest movement could recall us; and we continued in it so long that, more than once, I supposed, rather than apprehended, the mysterious moment must have passed away. So long was he silent, and so little did I expect ever to hear Bartholomew's voice speaking with me again, that, when heard, I started at its distinctness. "Come hither, Antony," said he; "draw my watch out of its fob, for I have tried and am not able. There is one more task for thee. So now that it is free, let me look upon it, both face and back." I remembered the cavern, and the watch-paper taken from its case, heedfully looked at, furtively kissed, and I expected some such repetition of the farewell! My poor friend believed himself to be dying then. "Thou shalt carry that watch with thee to Whiteford Mill, and give it as sent thither by me. I would fain have thee add nothing of thine own to my words, unless questioned, but say that in all respectfulness I remained the same. So much will be understood. And now, Antony, I will make one more proof of thy forgiveness and good will, promise thou wilt never look within the watch-case. Thou canst wind it

up, and set it to the time, by raising the glass in front. What dost say?" "I will never either open the case, or wind up the watch. If ever I shall see Hayfield again, it shall be transmitted as it is." Mr. Horncastle eagerly seized and grasped my hand. The smile upon his lips at first deceived me, for I thought that they would have spoken yet again, but my friend was dead!

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD already whispered to Sosthenes, while we were sitting apart, Bartholomew's wish that he should be buried in his clothes, and under the branches of this tree. The tender-hearted freedman seemed desirous to escape from so melancholy a companionship ; but this haste was accelerated by his anxiety that our poor friend's directions might be the sooner despatched. Leaving me at the water side to watch, not against curious but accidental intrusion, he hurried towards the city almost without a word. I could have selected no other place better adapted to my frame of mind. Not less mournfully than distinctly did these solitudes recall the habits and opinions of one now so dear to me. Under the same branches we had protracted our geographical discussions till Mr. Horncastle's displeasure found relief in scorn. Again I had present to me the good Bar-master's honest peculiarities, the abrupt energy of his gestures, the indignant disdain of his countenance, the majestic composure of his speech, and when these were passed away, the derisive compassion of his silence. Though my theories and suppositions proved, at last, to be right as well as reasonable, never, on that account, did he seem to perceive that his own must have been wrong. Victory could extort nothing more from the vanquished than that, either through pity, or weariness, or disdain, he would

cease to dispute. Alas, those eyes must remain for ever closed, and that tongue for ever speechless! While we were in the cavern, indulging some more cheerful hopes of riches as well as of deliverance, and after a little affectionate remonstrance from me against such constitutional hastiness as now and then encroached upon charity, Mr. Horncastle did confess that both his thoughts and his speech were often rather too quick. "No man can know," said he, "how hard I have sometimes found it to keep my hands from becoming as busy as either. The counsel given to Timothy that he should be no striker nor brawler, but patient, is very profitable for other folk beside bishops." Hardly do his virtues appear so dear to me now, as his peculiarities and infirmities. This is, I believe, no unusual progression of the mind, after death and grief have interposed to purify its remembrances. We love, not the most reverentially, yet the most tenderly, where there have been some imperfections to call forth pity. It would be well if this probable change in our temper, and even our judgment, could be foreseen while social or domestic provocations first irritate, and then estrange us. At this time, I would not have exchanged the dying pressure of Bartholomew's hand for one victory over Aristotle and another over Cicero. That philosopher will do little service to humanity who the most skilfully analyses our emotions in the crucible of reason, asking whether there can be any use from the discovery of error when its consequences are at an end, and its correction is impossible; whether we may be profited by kindness and tenderness which

awakes only the moment before death, and must sleep again the moment after it; whether forgiveness can follow one of the parties into that land where all such puerilities are forgotten; or reconciliation remain behind, like a rainbow in a picture, still fair and permanent with the other, as the pledge of peace? I will not seek any wiser answer to such wise questions than that, as my heart has been guilty of fewer absurdities and aberrations than my head, I can better trust it.

How long I may have continued as the guardian of him whose repose no interruption could disturb, it is useless to calculate, but I think that the rain fell twice. There was fruit around me, water before me, shelter above me, and through the heaviness of sorrow, I may have slumbered more than once. The first voices heard by me were from Acilius and Sosthenes. These compassionate protectors accounted for their absence so long protracted, by saying that, not a grave, but a sepulchre had been prepared for my deceased companion; that many hands and much machinery were employed in its removal; that it had surmounted and was now descending the hills. Men so much beloved as they were, could have commanded a thousand assistants, even if the most prodigious of all novelties, death, again active among the dead, had not collected them.

On its arrival, I was astonished, as well as delighted, by the sight of such a coffin, sepulchre, and monument, all in one, as no earthly monarch, ancient or modern, ever had, or ever could have hoped for. It had been given to Acilius by some great sculptor, his friend,

for the preservation of aromatic herbs, barks, gums, spices, and other fragrant substances, in which these regions are so fertile, and of which our generous patron was a scientific collector. The shape resembled that of a coffer or sarcophagus, hollowed from one rare stone, bright and hard as the diamond, eight or nine feet long, and three or four feet wide. So beautifully polished was its surface, that only the edges had been adorned by sculpture. And fortunately the artist had represented there no other figures than such as denoted the purposes proposed and the treasures collected; flowers, leaves, branches, fruits, and other similar substances, all vegetable. Mr. Horncastle himself could have found nothing so graven there as to alarm his scruples.

It seemed strange that men who were once familiar with death, the delighted spectators of those cruel and bloody exhibitions in the theatre, where gladiators fought and perished for their amusement, should now tremble and shudder thus while looking upon his image so tranquil and apparently so happy. Not till a large veil had been thrown over my friend's placid countenance, could the assistants deposit him among such perfumes as Psammetichus might have envied. The coffer's lid had been so artificially made as to retain every exhalation from these spices, however subtile they might be; but a kind of cement more hard when dry than the adamantine coffer itself, was added for still greater security.

Delicately does the sarcophagus harmonise with those motionless branches which stretch above it, and those eternal shadows in which it stands. No sound

is heard there but that of the water's murmur; no footsteps ever approach it but those of the wise, the just, or the tender-hearted. While living in Greece and on the coasts of Asia, I had often been called upon to exercise the ministerial functions at Protestant funerals, though no priest. Let not Mr. Horncastle's friends take offence, if after other reverential offices had been discharged, and I was at length departing from a scene to which I never might return, I knelt down in prayer, reciting such passages of the Church Service as I best remembered. Not even in that convention of the most illustrious from all nations to which I was immediately conducted, did I behold one man more resolute in his conscientiousness, more confident in his judgment, or more free from guile. This first part of my history shall be concluded with some few words designed by me as an epitaph, while watching alone before his obsequies began, and, in my presence, deeply engraven upon the sarcophagus, hard as it is: —

A .  . Ω

H . S . E

BARTHOLOMAEUS . HORNCastle .

E . SCHOLA . TREMEVNDORVM . CHRISTIANVS .

IN . AGRO . CASTLETONIAE . COMITATV . DERBICENSI .

PARENTIBVS . MEDIOCRIBUS . NATVS .

AMICORVM . SOCIETATE . IVXTA . VERITATEM . ARCTISSIMAE . LEGIS .

SEDVLO . ENVTRITVS .

INSTITVTIS . SIMPLEX . MORIBVS . PROBVS . IVDICIO . PERACRIS .

EXIMIAM . BENEVOLENTIAM . PROVT . RES . POSTVLAT . ASPERITATE . CONSOCIANS .

INTEGRITATEM . ASTVTIA .

NEMO . ENIM . AVT . IN . RE . PECVNIARIA . ILLO . SVBTILIOR .

NEMINI . FERE . INFELICIVS . CONTIGIT . COMPARATIO .

NAM . EXTRA . OMNE . VOTVM . FLVENTE . FORTVNA .

ET . DIVITIIS . INSUPERATIS . SPLENDIDE . LOCVPLETATVS .

INNVPITAS . NVPTIAS . RELINQVENS . ET . INAVSPICATOS . LABORES .

SOLVS . INTER . MORTVOS . MORTALIS .

ANNO . DOMINI . M . DCCC . XXVII . AETATIS . SVAE . XXXVIII .

VIR . CASTUS . INNOCENS . LEPIDVS . ARGVTVLVS .

RECTI . PERVICAX . SENTENTIA . INEXPVGNABILIS .

DECESSIT .

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